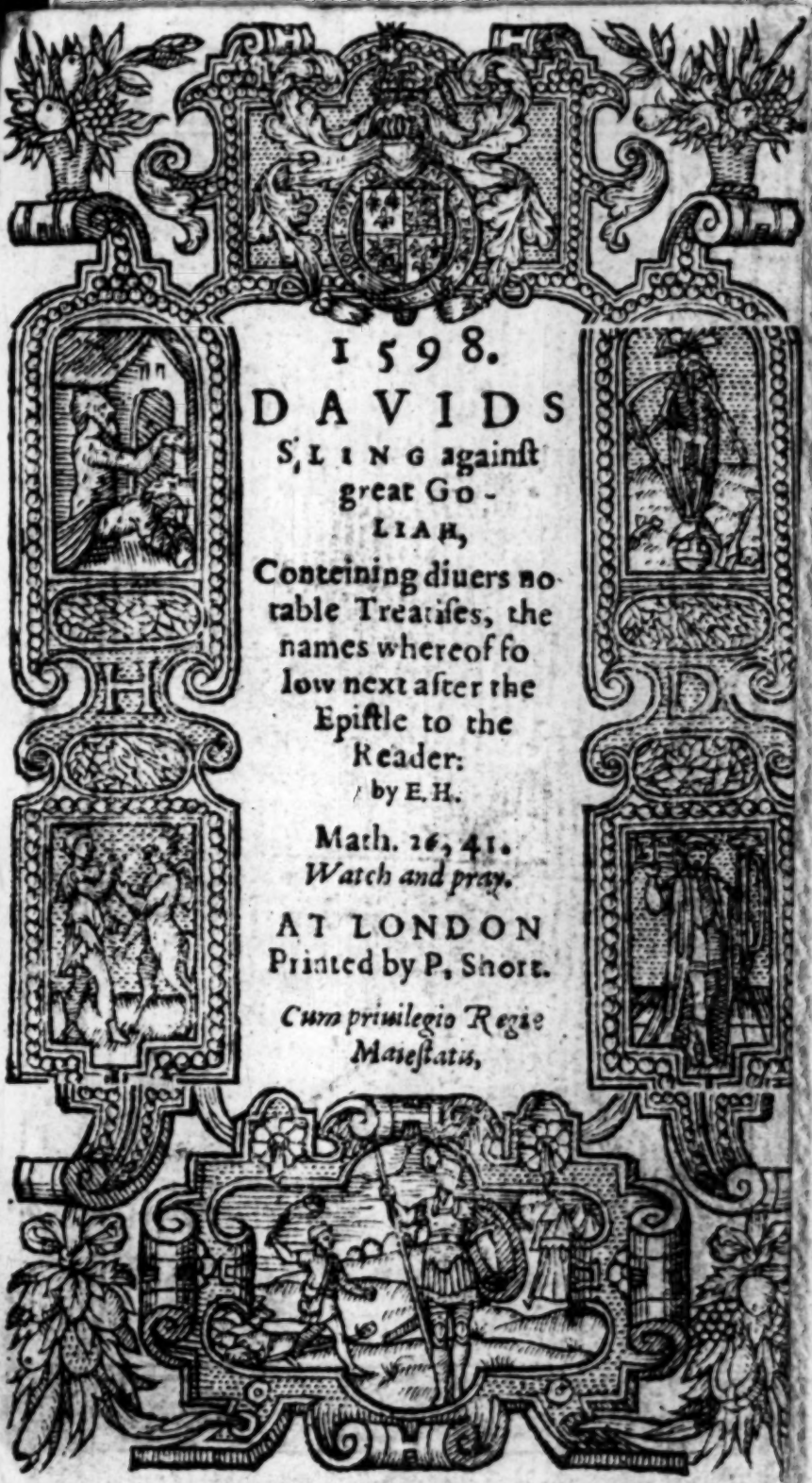

1598.

DAVIDS SLING againſt great GOLIAH,

Conteining diuers notable Treatiſes, the names whereof follow next after the Epiſtle to the Reader:

by E. H.

Math. 26, 41.
Watch and pray.

AT LONDON
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Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

To the Right Worshipfull *Sir George Calueley knight* High Sheriffe of the Countie *Palantine of Chester*, increase of worship, &c.

THe earth being the common mother and milch-nurse of al liuing creatures, in due season tilled, and diligently manured, yeldeth a muche more plentiful crop of increase, if it might possibly be measured, than euer at the hands of the husbandman in sowing time it receiued A pithie persuasion to thankfulnesse, and such a notable motiue to dutifulnes, as a better, no not the like can be deuised or imagined.

The consideration whereof, Right Worshipfull, sinking into mine vnderstanding, and compared with the manifold curtesies, which continualy haue issued from you, to my no small comfort

and commoditie hath incenſed & ſet me on fire, though not as I would, yet as I could, to ſhewe ſome manifeſt ſigne and argument, that I haue your Worſhippes goodneſſe in freſh and dailie memorie: which although *I* dare not vowe to requite, yet wil *I* do what I can in ſome reſpect & to deſerue.

Vouchſafe therefore, Right Worſhipful, in the meane time, ſince I haue no pretious mines, to accept and like wel of this my ſimple mite: ſimple I confeſſe in common valuation: but pretious I dare auouch, in ſounde iudgement and reaſon. A booke it is which a kinſman of mine, not ſo neere as deere vnto mee, at my vrgent requeſt beſtowed vpon mee in writing for my priuate vſe, and peculiar exerciſe.

Wherof when I had marked the commoditie, and ſawe that to communicate the ſame vnto the flocke of the faithfull, were much better, and more thankſworthie, than to keepe it at home in my coffer impounded as my proper poſſeſſion, and portion of my patrimonie: I was won and perſwaded, at the importunate ſute and inſtance of ſundrie my truſtie friends, who vpon circumſpect peruſing of the ſame, gaue it due and deſerued commendation, to conſent and agree, *Authore ægrè ferente, & prorſus inuito*, that it

it ſhould bee publiſhed for the common benefit of the multitude.

Very loth I was, *I* ſpeake my conſcience, to offend my kinſman and friend in anye pointe of preſumption: and muche more loath, *I* vtter my ſecret thought, to greeue any godlie and deuout ſoule, by detaining anie thinge, the vſe whereof might increaſe their comfort. But being aſſaulted, as *I* was, inceſſantlie, with vehement perſwaſions, and not able with al my fine wits, to withſtand their weakeſt reaſon, I became willing to bee ordered and ruled, as they by diſcretion mighte diſpoſe me in ſo honeſt a requeſt.

The ſame not in writing, Right Worſhipfull, as I had it: but in printe, as you haue it, being the firſt lines of a Cheſhire wit, gathered in a famous ſeedeplot of great learning and profound knowledge I preſent vnto you with ſuch ſubmiſsion as beſeemeth an inferiour to his ſuperiour, a clyent to his patron, a welwiller to his benefactor.

Beſeeching you, of your accuſtomed curteſie, that as you haue from time to time beene, not onely an earneſt fauourer and furtherer of godlie and zealous men, but alſo a ſupporter and maintayner of vertuous and Chriſtian meanings ſo, it would pleaſe you, with your title of credit and countenance, as with a ſhield,

to defende this religious worke, againſt the dartes of the maiicious: that vnder-propped with ſo ſtrong a piller, and armed with ſuch furniture of munition and defence, it may haue ſafe conduct and free paſſage, euē through the middeſt of Gods enemies, and ſo come to the hands of the weldiſpoſed and deuout.

Thus abruptly concluding, I commit your Worſhip, and al yours, to the tuition & ſafegard of him, who neuer faileth his, the Lord God almightie, who as hitherto he hath, ſo hereafter he will, euen vntil the day of your death, I doubt not, bleſſe you with the dew of heauen, I meane his grace: whereunto I ſay, Amen.

***

Your worſhips

for ſundry cauſes

moſt dutifully bound,

WILLIAM BAKER

The Epistle to the *Reader.*

OVr aduersarie the diuel is so watchfull a lyon to deuoure man, that (as Peter speaketh) he roreth and rumeth about seeking by all meanes possible to deuoure him. This his greedinesse to swallowe vs ought to bee a sufficient motiue to make man warie, and a forceable meane to raise him out of the daungerous bed of sinne wherein wee daylie, yea, and almost hourely commit spirituall fornication with the diuell.

Besides this, at baptisme our sureties in our behalfe, did make their protestation before God the father, and mother Ieruſalem, that we shuld leaue the whorish embracings of Satan, and marrie our selues in holines of life vnto Christ no lesse carefullie than he in the vertue of the couenant mercifullie did offer himselfe with all his pretious iewels at baptisme.

The marriage was solemnlie celebrated by God the father in the wombe of the virgine

Marie: but at Baptiſme, we in our owne perſons doe as it were ratifie it: proteſting that Chriſt ſhal be our husband, and that from that time we will take our farewell of the diuel, the world, the fleſh, and all our enemies.

Thus being married before ſuch witneſſes, we can not reclaime our league of chaſtitie, vnleſſe we wil haue God himſelfe and our mother the Church, and Chriſt himſelfe with all his holy eſpouſes, to beare witneſſe of condemnation againſt vs, to the ioy of Satan our capitall aduerſarie.

And therefore, where the diuel is called a Dragon with ſeuen heads for his ſubtiltie: and ten hornes for his cruelltie: and now is duſt and aſhes by nature prone to euill, and therefore vnable to withſtand him: it behoueth him to take that for his weapon which may keepe man ſafe from inuaſion of Satan: and vſe that remedie, whereby he may preſerue himſelfe frō periury, and that is prayer.

Wherefore, when man is enuironed with enimes, when a guiltie conſcience warreth againſt him, when the world by falſhood, and the fleſh by her allurements is about to deceiue him: then it ſtandeth him vpon to take prayer in hand, that he may be able to conquere all thoſe monſtrous Hydras, or rather deceitful whors, which trim and furniſh themſelues ſome way or other, to make Chriſt our Sauiour a widowe.

And truely if that man woulde deepelye conſider with himſelfe, either that he is a periu-

red

red perſon that giueth place to the Diuel: or that he dooth to his power make Chriſt a weeping widowe, as curſed Ieruſalem did: or that Satan by trapping him in his whoriſh trickes did vtterlie vndoe him: it would not onely inuite him, but euen enforce him to prayer, which is the onely meanes that is able to keepe vs true and faithfull wiues to Chriſt Ieſus.

And therefore the Lord our gratious Sauiour weighing with himſelfe not ſo much mans naughtineſſe, for the which he deſerueth a diuorcement as Satans wonderous pollicie, and his mother's wombe wherein he married vs, and baptiſme, wherein he doth apparell vs with his righteouſneſſe, as glorious brides, leaſt that we ſhould play the harlots to our own harm, whom he had bought with his pretious bloud, he willeth and as it were beſeecheth vs, to take praier, and ſo to take aſſiſtance, that we may liue chaſt from all ſinne, euen his for euer.

Come vnto me, ſaith he, all ye that are heauy and laden, and I will refreſh you. Behold, notwithſtanding our diuers and ſundrie fornications committed with Satan: yet the Lord our gratious husband calleth vs vnto him, as not willing to diuorſe vs: and inuiteth vs to praier, that knowing and acknowledging our owne weakenes, to withſtand the whoriſh intiſemēts of the Diuel, wee may deſire him our head to helpe and aſſiſt vs.

And truelie, as for prayer, we ought ſo much the more readilie to vſe it, becauſe by it wee

pearse the heauens, because by it wee come into the Groomes chamber, and flie as with winges into the lap of our louing husband Iesus. And what honest wife would not flee to her husband, when an harlot seeketh to abuse her?

Sith therefore Satan euen from the wombe by harlotish trippings seeketh to withdraw vs from so louing an husband as Christ Iesus, who shed his owne pretious hart bloud to redeeme vs: then wheusoeuer he attempteth to trap vs, it shal be our best safety to leap into his wounds and to run into his bosom eby feruent & faithfull prayer, that being married to him in the vertue of the couenant, we may continue chast to the end.

Otherwise, if being tempted we suffer him to ouertempt vs: we shew our selues not onely despisers of his bloud, but also prophaners of so holie a marriage, which was kept by the blessed and glorious Trinitie in the wombe of the virgin Marie

And with what face shall wee present our selues before so louing an husband as Iesu Christ at the day of iudgement, if that we yeeld heere to the intising Diuel, and doe not by continuall and hartie prayer aske assistance that we may continue as chast wiues, to liue with him in ioy for euer?

Wherefore, when Christ our husband crieth Come: if wee will be counted his wiues, & no whores, let vs without lingring, alwaye repaire vnto him in faithfull prayer, and let vs

talke

talke with him in his glorious chamber, and beseech him as he is a louing husband, that he wil take pitie vppon vs, and bestowe vpon vs the gift of spirituall chastitie, that so wee may bee defended from the whorish Pharao, who goeth about by al meanes to make him a desolate widow.

But if man be stricken downe with the law, and the temptation of his vnworthines withdraw him from presenting his praiers vnto the Maiestie of God: then must hee consider the cursſed Canaanite, who being a cur dog, by the testimonie of Christ, yet making her appeale vnto him, founde some crums of comforte at his handes, and so was exalted to the childrens table: looke vpon this example, and let this suffice. The vse of this booke I commit to thy discretion, to apply the same vnto thy soule, for the succour of the same in necessity, and to thy bodie, as occasion is ministred.

Farewel in Christ.
E. H.

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DAVIDS SLING
againſt great *Goliah.*

The 1. Morning *praier.*

Moſt Gracious GOD, the Father of all happines, and fountain of al goodnes O welſpringe of mercie, that art wont beyond merit to diſplay the banners of thy fauour, and vnlocke the cloſet of thy benefites, not onely to the needie Adamite, but generalle to all; *I* am a curſſed Canaaaite, euen

euen a dog vnworthie to ſit at the table of thy children, or to wait for the crums and ofskum of their meate O Lord. But notwithſtanding all this, my Lorde and my God, I hope thou wilt not whip me out of thy houſe, but of a dog make me thy child by adoption in thy ſon Chriſt, whoe came into this thornie worlde like a morning ſtarre, to guide all ſtraying dogges to their maiſters palace. The woman of Canaan, ſhee confeſſed her ſelfe a dog. Paul was a Saul, ſuch a cur dog as ſought by his teethe to teare the Lambes of thy paſture, ô Lorde: both theſe dogs did wander in the night of errour, and ſtraie from thee their mayſter, to Satan thine enemie,

enimie, and their aduerſarie. But thy ſonne, mine onelie ioy, of meere mercie became a ſtar to conduct them againe vnto thee: and ſo I truſt thou wilt deale with me, O God of comfort, and father of mercie. I doe not doubt but that as I wander in the field of vanitie, ſo thou wilt recall mee by the light of thy Goſpell, by the beames of thy ſunne to thine houſe, there to dwell with thee for euer, Amen.

The 2. Morning prayer.

WHat is this worlde, O Lord? it is euill, it is a pallace of vaine pleaſure, a cage of iniquitie, or rather a lumpe

lumpe of miſerie. And what am I Lorde? what am I but a friende of this preſente euill world, and an enimie to thee? what am *I* but a child of wrath and ſonne of darkenes, ſo glued to ſinne, and limed with iniquitie, that my bodie is a bodie of ſinne? what then ſhall *I* doe? ſhall the mountaine of ſinne oppreſſe me? or the world with the baites of vanitie ſo choke mee, that I ſhall neuer like an egle flie to the carcaſe? or bee able to crye for helpe to thee the onely morning ſtar, which art wont to ſpread foorth the beames of comforte vnto the needie in time of extremitie? O Lord giue me wings of faith to flye vnto thee, and powre vpon

vpon me the dewe of thy bleſſing, that *I* may bud and beare the fruite of holineſſe, through the operation of thy gratious beames. Giue me thy grace that *I* faile not in my vocation, that I may doe good, & eſchew euill, and ſo make good that vowe, which I made vnto thee in baptiſme before beloued Sion. Saue me from falling, and ſtay my feete from ſlipping, by thy holy worde, which is the glaſſe of thy will, and a lanterne to all them that walke in darkneſſe, that beeing guided ouer this miſtie worlde, I may ariue at the land of promiſe and pallace of reſt in a liuely faith, Amen.

The

The 3. Morning praier.

O Wretch that *I* am, who shall deliuer me from this bodie of sin? oh what shall *I* doe? shall *I* saye with Caine, that mine iniquities are greater than can bee remitted? shall the mist of mine iniquities choake me? shall the surging waues of mourning sinne drowne me? or shall *I* sinke in the pit of desperation? no: I will not. For the sunne of mercie can disperse the thicke myst and great cloude of mine iniquitie: the parching beame of thy sunne O Lorde, is not onelie able to calme, but also to drie vp the angrie floud of sinne: and

and ſo to daſh the ſhip of Satan that diueliſh pirate againſt the ſandes. So that no ſtorme of the Diuell ſhall ouerturne mee, no raging blaſte of ſinne ſhall diſmaie mee, no thundercracke of biting conſcience ſhall ſinke the little barke of my weake faith, which is grounded vppon a rocke, and ouercommeth the world. Indeede if I were left to my ſelfe, then were there noe waie but ſinkinge and ſhipwracke: but thanks be to thee, O gratious God for it, thou haſt not left me to my ſelfe to wade in the Gulfe of deſperation: but thou haſt ſpread foorth the beames of thy mercie, and by the heate of thy charitie dryed the gulfe, and kept mee from dan-

danger: to thee therefore bee al glory, Amen.

The 4. Morning praier.

THE glorious face of the ſunne which ſheweth it ſelfe, & caſteth his beames ouer the whole world, I take it for an argument and earneſt penie of thy good will towarde thy children: in the number of whome I account my ſelfe, though cheefe of ſinners, and not worthie to looſe the latchet of thy ſonnes ſhooe. For if we enioye ſuch a benefite in this ſtrange countrie togither with thine enemies: then what ioyous ſightes, what ſtore of thy goodneſſe ſhall we reape in our natu-

naturall countrie, the blisfefull land of Canaan, where we shall not beholde this worldly sunne and eie of the worlde, but thee, euen thee, good Lorde, face to face, the sunne of glorie, and onelie starre of maiestie? Such ioies, O Lord, shall we haue in the beholding of thee, as neyther eye hath seene, nor eare hath heard, nor heart euer conceiued. Such ioys I say, as passe the reach, not onelie of man, but also of Aungels and Archaungels to esteeme of. Blessed are the doore keepers of this house of ioye, where thou, O Lorde, the sunne of righteousnes doost most clearely spreade foorth the beames of thy diuine maiestie. Ah! how long shall I liue

liue in prison? howe long shall I iournie in this bodie of sinne, before *I* see thee? Lorde, let thy kingdome come. Come Lorde Iesus, come I beseech thee; Amen.

The 1. Euening *praier.*

O Lorde, it is of mercie without merit, that I am a branch of the vyne Iesus: that I am thy house and temple of the holie Ghost. It is of iustice that thou hast appointed thine house to be a place of prayer; and of duetie therefore that we should pray vnto thee. For this O Lorde *I* thanke thee, that

that thou haſt made mee thy childe to lodge thee, and I acknowledge that of duetie I am bound to ſerue thee. But giue me O Lorde, the grace of thy ſpirite to conduct mee in the waie of thy will, clenſe or create a new hart within me, that I may be a fit lodging for thee, and yeeld vp the ſauourie ſacrifice vnto thee, which thou requireſt of euerie Chriſtian, I meane the ſacrifice of prayer, the ſacrifice of the heart, which ſauoureth ſweetelie vnto thee. And at this time in hope of the aſſiſtance of thy ſpirit, *I* deſire thee, that as thou haſt of mercie couered me this day vnder thy winges of ſafetie : ſo thou wilt defend and keepe me this night

night from ſtorming Sathan, who is woont, not onely by day but alſo and that eſpecially by nighte, to vndermine man, when his ſenſes are ſcattered in bandes of reſt. But *I* doe hope good Lorde, that as *I* am then moſt vnable to withſtande the buffets of Satan, ſo thou wilt be moſte readie to ſuccour me: partlye becauſe thereby thou ſhalt vnlocke the rich cheſt of thine infinite mercie, and partlye becauſe thou loueſt euerie thinge which thy handes haue made. I will laye me downe therefore in hope of thy protection, to whome bee all glorie, Amen.

The

The 2. Euening prayer.

O Moſte mightie and wiſe God, powre into me aboundantlie the oile of thy grace vnfetter my ſtammering tongue, that I may vtter, and vnrippe the ſtings of my blind and want hart, that I may ſufficientlie conceiue the infinitenes of thy fauour vnto me. But what ſhoulde I ſay of thine infinite goodneſſe, which thou haſte ſhewed vppon mee? where ſhall I beginne, or where ſhall I ende to diſcourſe of thy mercie? I was nothing, and what did mooue thee to make mee a man endued with reaſon? and whie not a tree, a frog, a beaſt?

I am brought to a nonplus, O Lorde what ſhall I ſaie? I did diſgrace thy goodnes, and doe deface by my dailie ſinnes the image of innocencie, ſo that I was not onelie borne wrapped in damnable eſtate, but alſo dailie incur the danger of damnation: and yet doeſt thou vnderprop mee in the promiſed ſeede, in that bleſſed ſeede of Abraham, euen thine owne and one onelie beloued ſonne Ieſus Chriſt, by whome thou haſt redeemed mee. My bodie and ſoule were marueilouſlie eclipſed for want of grace, and are dailie filthied in the puddle of iniquitie, the reward whereof was death. But what mooued thee I being a caſtaway, euen thine

thine vtter enemie to wash and bathe mee in the streame of thy sonnes pretious bloud? I cannot tell good Lorde, it was thy mercie: to thee therefore bee the glorie both now and euer, Amen.

The 3. Euening prayer.

O Good GOD, the sun is gone downe, the web of this day is spun almost, and night is at hand. After day succeedeth night, after light darknes, after faire weather a cloudie firmament and frowning element. There is a mysterie locked in this, good God: for thereby thou doest lessen vs of our mortalitie. Our birth and

life is like the day: our death is like the night: as the day perisheth, so dooth our life vanishe with the vapour: and as night succeedeth the daie, so death followeth life, the tearme and period of these our daies. ô sweet Iesus of thy mercie beate this lesson into my head, and roote it firmelie into my heart, and take away the vaile from my minde, that I may not onelie know and acknowledge, but hourelie remember that I am mortall. For it would bee a bridle to restraine and keepe me from raunging licentiouslie, and a spurre to incite mee to liue holilie all the continuance of this my pilgrimage. Thy spirit hath spoken it: saying, Remember thine end, and thou shalt

ſhalt neuer periſh. Giue mee therefore thy grace that I may remember faithfully the night of this my bodie, when I ſhal ſleepe in the boſome of the earth, til the trumpet ſhall ſound and call me to iudgement. Helpe me Lorde before this night: Lord ſaue mee or elſe I periſh, *Amen*.

The 4. Euening prayer.

OLouing Lorde of labouring and laden heartes, looke downe with the eie of thy pittie, ſee the altar of the croſſe, where thy ſonne, thine onelie beloued babe is ſlaughtered. Beholde, ô father of heauen his handes and feete

bored, his head crowned with thornes, his thirſt quenched with vineger, his ſide woumded and ſtreaming bloud: attend deere father, the crie of his bloudie ſweate, his long faſting, his great patience, his bodie racked aud crucified, all crie vnto thee for mercie, for mercie: father, O father fauour and pardon him. This is the trumpetor of ioy, this is hee that bloweth the blaſt of comfort and ſoules ſolace: heare him heare O Lorde: attend not my life, marke not my ſteps, for my life is vnſauourie, and my ſteps are crooked, let the crie of thy bleeding babe mooue thee to mercie and put thee in minde of thy couenant, that in him all the

the nations of the world ſhould be bleſſed. Bleſſe me, O Lorde, better me with the dewe of thy bleſſings, and let the drops of thy ſonnes bloud by a liuelie faith diſtill into my heart, and fructifie it with workes woorthie repentance I beſeech thee, Amen.

A prayer for all t'mes againſt the power of Satan.

THe Diuel O Lorde, like a roring Lyon, runneth aboute in euerie corner, hee lurketh, and euer hee gapeth to deuoure the lambes of thy paſture. He is an enimie not onelie readie to deuoure vs, but al-

ſo able to catch vs in the ſnare of iniquitie againſt thy diuine maieſtie. For dailie doe we eate the ſowre grape of nature, and ſauor of vnſeaſoned and rotten Adam, in whoſe ſinfull acte wee are wrapped by deſert in condemnation, and become bondſlaues of Satan, vnleſſe thou, O Lorde doe ſeaſon our harts with the oile of thy grace, and waſh vs in the water of thy mercie, that being cleanſed from ſinne, and made as white as ſnowe with the merits of thy ſonne, the diuell may loſe his title, and forget his obligation that hee had againſt vs, and wee be quitted from his tyrannie. Wee beſeech thee therefore, ô gratious father of Heauen, with thy power

power to bridle ſatan, and in thy mercie to beare with vs, with thy might to maiſter him, and in thy grace to graffe vs in Ieſus the liue lie vine of mercie, that growing in him no ſtorme may bee able to toſſe & ouerturne vs we beſeech thee, Amen.

A other.

DAielie, O Lorde, doe wee paſſe the limites of thy will: we ſinne at the leaſt ſeuen times a day and pledge mother Eue in the dregs of nature. This is the frailetie of the fleſhe, and this is the weakenes of all Adams iſſue: a miſerable caſe, ô Lord, vnleſſe in thy mercie thou wilt wrap vs & couer the nakednes of nature with the white raiment of grace,

that wee being thine maye neuer deſpaire for any brunt of ſtorming Satan, be it neuer ſo perillous. LORDE ſaue vs in thy mercie ſaue vs, haue pittie and compaſſion vpon vs, and marke not our ſteps, which are crooked, but caſt the eie of thy fauour vpon thy ſonne Chriſt, who was content to ſuffer the bleeding paines of the croſſe to ſatisfie thy wrath, and to deliuer vs from the ſtinge of an hellie conſcience. We beſeech thee therefore O louing Lorde, not to obſerue our iniquities, but to waſh vs from the guiltines of ſinne in the floud of thy mercies, and ſo to ſaue vs, that being dead in iniquitie, and yet ſaued of thine infinite pittie,

tie, we may giue all glorie vnto thee, and ſing with our mother the Church, that ſaluation only belongeth to thee, Amen.

A prayer for all afflicted Chriſtians.

REat are the troubles of the righteous, O Lorde, and many they be that ariſe againſt thee & thine annointed, like wolues to teare them, and butchering Herods to bchead and diſpatch them. Euen for thy ſake, ô Lord, are thy children brought to the ſlaughterhouſe, for the teſtimonie of thy trueth are they tied in bandes, and beaten with wandes daielie. Vp Lorde, ariſe and

and ſtrike thine enemies vppon the cheeke bone, lifte vp thy rod of iron, and daſhe the vnſauourie and ſowre veſſels of iniquitie in peeces, with thy fanne ſcatter the chaffe, and gather thou thy corne into the garner of ioy. Let it bee beaten, but let it not bee broozed with the threſholde of this tyrannous wolfe, that beeing freed from the chaffe of Nature, and ſeuered from the cocle of euill and wicked liuers, it may be found with the loſt groat, and laide vppe in thy treaſure of eternall pleaſure for euer. Doe thy good will, O gracious God, beat them, beate them and buffet vs ſharpelie, O Lorde, ſo thou ſaue vs of thy mercie, and plucke vs out of daunger by the hande of thy

thy mightie power, proppe vs with thy power, rhat wee may magnifie thee of thy mercie. Amen.

An ther.

THe mountaines of this wicked worlde are manie and mightie, O Lorde, and little is the flocke of thy ſheepe. The mountaines are euen parched with furie againſt thy congregation, to preſſe with the weight of their tyrannie the babes of thy familie. Awake vp therefore O Lorde, ſleepe not, ſlumber not, but awake and defeate their imagined miſchiefe, as thou haſt promiſed, that they that truſt in thee ſhal be as mount Sion, which cānot be remooued. Suffer them to beate

beat vs, that we might liue godlie in thee: but ſo let them buffet vs, that they neuer ouermaiſter vs, that according to thy promiſe, as mount Sion we may not bee moued. Giue vs grace to truſt in thee whatſoeuer betide vs, and neuer to ſtart from thee, whatſoeuer ſmart we ſuffer, that continuing to the end, wee may bee bleſſed with thee for euer. And for the mountaines of this world, either euen them with the vallie and babes of thy familie, or elſe pare and parche them with the beames of thy iudgement. Thy will bee don O Lord, thy kingdome come, and ſaue vs wee beſeech thee, Amen.

A prayer for the Queene.

O Louing God, wee thanke thee for the great care, which thou haſt ouer thy Church. Shee hath bene toſſed with the waues of this worlde, and the preaching of thy worde did ſuffer ſhipwracke: but now O Lorde, now of meere mercie thou haſt repaired the broken hart of Ieruſalem, and gladdened our harts with the wine of comfort. For thou haſte appointed a mother ouer Sion, to cheriſh and defend her from all hir ſtorming aduerſaries: ſo that by hir meanes we are freed from the ſlauerie of the Romiſh

miſh Pharao, and ſalued from the ſore of hereſies, wherewith thy deere eſpouſe was moſt greeuouſlie troubled. O Lorde continue this weed-hooke in her hande, that ſhee may throughlie cleanſe thy garden. Let thy will and gracious pleſure be her ſcepter and targat, againſt the frowning band of cloudie Saules. Alwaies erect and pitch about her the tents of thy fauour, that no euill betide her, or daunger annoy her. Clippe her in thy ſweete armes & kiſſ her in mercie, and be not thou angrie with her, but continue her a fauourable nurſſe to little Dauid, that hee maye growe in all faith and holineſſe, vntill hee bee a perfect man in Chriſt Ieſus. Lorde ſaue her in

thy

thy mercie, and deliuer her from all euill, Amen.

A prayer for all Magistrates.

CRooked is the way of all flesh, O father of heauen, and ouerplentious would the harueſt of weedie nature bee, vnleſſe it were lopped and miniſhed by the weed-hooke of thy maieſtrates, whome thou haſt appointed as gods vnder thee to keepe thy garden cleane from all noyſome and ſtinking hearbes. Cleanſe them, O Lord, and plant a newe ſpirit within them, that aboue all thinges fauouring thy Goſpell, they may bend all their endeuours to the che-

cheriſhing of thy holy Church, and maintenance of the trueth, without the which no man ſhal liue and ſee thee. Giue them grace to labour diligentlie in thy vineyard, to mowe downe the harueſt of ſinne, and neither for feare or flatterie to ſtarte backe from their dutie: but without all diſcouragement to vſe thy will as an axe, to cutte downe the roote that withereth and beareth nothing but a periſhed ſtocke and barraine branches that the dead boughs of iniquitie being broken off, the branches of thy ſonne Ieſus may without let or hinderance ſpread foorth the ſweete leaues of thy ſauourie grace, and beare in hart the fruites of thankeſ-

thankeſgiuing, which is pleaſant & acceptable in thy ſight, Amen.

A generall confeſſion of ſinnes.

FAther ADAM, O Lorde, gaue the firſt onſet, and none of vs his children haue broken the arraie. The ſerpent counſelled, Eue gaue the apple to Adam, and ſo both ſinned againſt thy diuine maieſtie. As for vs the naturall branches of this rotten ſtocke, one of the ſame ſtampe ſhall ſpeake: We are borne in ſinne, and conceiued in iniquitie, ſo that wee be damned by merit, before we be borne. But yet, ô Lorde,

Lorde wee confeſſe it, to our comfort and thy glorie, that thou haſt concluded all vnder ſinne, that thou mighteſt haue mercie on all, and all glorie bee giuen to thee. We confeſſe our ſelues loſt, wee are loſt groates, and loſt ſheepe: but this is the ſole ioye of our heartes, that thy ſonne came to ſeeke and to ſaue that was loſte. So that though wee bee loſt in our ſelues, yet we are founde in thy ſonne, who came into this worlde to ſaue ſinners. This is thy vndeſerued goodnes O Lorde, to loue thine enimies, to ſaue vs that haue euen from the wombe rebelled againſte thy diuine Maieſtie, euen before wee were borne to ſaue vs, by the death of thine onely

onelie begotten ſon, and to prepare a ioyous kingdome for vs, before the beginning of ỹ world Therefore O Lorde, what ſhall we crie but ſhame, ſhame vpon vs, an axe to the roote, and an axe to vs all the withered branches of rotten Adam by deſert. For glorie and power, dominion and Maieſtie, ſaluation and mercie is onelie thine, and of thee: of the which mercie ſaue vs we beſeech thee, Amen.

Another.

VVE are all publicans, O Lorde: open the eares of thy fauour vnto our crie, and haue mercie vppon vs, haue mercie vppon vs. We ſinne daylie, but yet ſaue vs of thy pittie, ſaue

ſaue vs, oh ſaue vs, and ſhewe thy compaſſion vppon vs. Let vs not die a Iudas death, let vs neuer tune the dolefull ſong of Caine: but ingraue in our hart, a ful and liuelie faith in thee, that neuer doubting of thy bountious mercie, wee may with a free conſcience ſet Satan at defiance and all his helliſhe bande. Pittifull Ieſu heare this our crie, and fenſe vs with thy grace againſt the gaping deuill, who roreth of crueltie and lurketh in euerie Corner of malicious ſubtiltie, to trap and to ſnare, to take and to teare vs with the Clawes of his furie and mercileſſe enuie. Fence vs with faith againſte him, O Lorde, laie the plaiſter of comfort

ſort to our wounded conſciences, and couer vs with the wings of thy fauour that wee may liue and die in thee, and ſo bee bleſſed, Amen.

A prayer for humilitie.

IT is thine owne Leſſon, O Sauiour Ieſus: Be humble and meek, as I am: it is thy worde alſo: My ſheepe heare my voice. But Lorde, what ſhall I doe? the fleſhe is proude, I dailie rebell againſt thy holie will, I enuie my ſuperiours, I loue not mine equals, I deſpiſe mine inferiours. This is the fruite of the fleſh O Lord Death, death: but thou art loue and

and life, O louing Iesus. And therefore I beseech thee of thy tender loue to pitie me, to indue mee with the spirit of humblenes, that being poore in spirit, I may with the little ones of thy kingdome bee blessed and liue for euer. O Lorde, for the auoidance of pride, giue mee thy grace to consider, that by it an Angell became a diuell, and man was excommunicate from the paradise of pleasure. Desire of souereigntie begate the diuell, sinne, death, and damnation: so that out of it, as a moste filthie puddle issued a whole sea of mischiefe and miserie. Of this cup of pride father Adam dranke, when by his disobedience hee loste thy

fauour

fauour, and by the taſte of an apple thought to bee thy comate in knowing of good and euill. Giue mee thy grace not onelie to conſider this, but alſo fully to digeſt it, that deteſting it as a venemous viper, I may in humblenes of hart ſerue thee holilie and ſoundelie without hypocriſie, who art a patterne of lowlines and a mirrour of humilitie, continuallie to be looked vpon and truely to be followed. O life, and louer of ſoules, giue me grace alwayes to heare, and hearing thy wordes, to follow thee. Amen.

Another for charitie.

O Infinite charitie, thou ſon of God, to whome the father hath ſurrendred all power

in heauen and earth; *I* haue offended thee moſt grieuouſlie, and indangered my ſelfe deſperatlie. For, charitie, O charitie thou ſhalt iudge the world in equitie, and I haue not charitie biding within me. I loue for gaine, I hate mine enimies, *I* pray not for them that curſſe and ſpeake euill of me, *I* haue enough of thy benefites, and yet haue I ſpared nothing for Lazarus, and therein I haue ſinned againſt thee, ô eternal charitie, and incurred the perill of thy iuſt iudgements. Is there no remedie O charitie, but muſt iudgement be giuẽ againſt me? is all thy bloud ſpent? are all thy teares drie? haſt thou none to waſh mee? Correct me not O charitie,

charitie in thy iudgement or furie, neither chaſtiſe me in thine anger, but deale with me according to thy wonted mercie. In charitie, in thy loue vnmerited, O bleſſed charitie, haue mercie vpon me, & quit me from a replying conſcience, & the court of the Deuill. For elſe, ô charitie, will mine owne life reclaime againſt me and craue damnation for mine vncharitable conuerſation. Piteous God therefore, I beſeech thee, for thy bloudie ſweat, in thy bottomles pittie, drowne my tranſgreſſions, adopt me thy brother, & giue me thy holy ſpirits teſtimonie, as a gage and earneſt of mine adoption, that beeing freed from ſinne, I may ſerue thee with a

free conſcience, in hope and an vnwauering faith in thy mercies, Amen.

A prayer for the mortification of the fleſh.

O Lorde, the kingdome of the fleſh is verie ſtrong: ſo ſtrong that I am not able to withſtand it. For in me, that is, in my fleſhe, dwelleth no good thing: and ſo infectious is the palſie of the fraile fleſh, that vnleſſe thou (O Lord) doe ſeaſon it, there is no waie but to incur the perill of a mortall plague. I beſeech thee therfore O father of heauen, in the name of thy ſonne Chriſte, to deliuer mee of this terrible re-

warde

ward of ſinne, to qualifie with the ſalt of thy grace our vnſauourie fleſhe, and to ſweeten our viperous and vile nature with the oile of thy ſpirit, that fighting manfullie vnder our captaine Michaell againſt the Dragon, wee may not onelie wage batteli or ſubdue, but alſo crucifie the old man, hand, foote, head, hart, euen the whole kingdome of Satan the prince of vtter darkenes: that the diuell being battered downe and the olde Adam driuen out of our hartes, we may offer vppe our bodies as liuelie ſacrifices vnto thee, without any ſent of ſtinking nature. For this O Lorde is acceptable in thy ſight, that beeing transformed into thee

in

in newnes of life, wee may bee fit temples for thy holie ſpirit, to dwell and abide in. Mortifie therefore the flaming fleſhe, O Lorde, and appeaſe the waues of our wanton nature, that wee may bee euen as thou willeſt: holie as thou art holie, Amen.

Another.

VVHat ſhall I doe, O gracious God? for I am borne of fleſh, the verie affection whereof is death. Shall I die? ſhal the frame of thy hande bee deſtroyed? no, Lorde. For thy mercies ſake remember thy promiſe: Aske and haue. I aske: O Lord, I aske mercie doo I aske, *I* deſire thee in the bowels of thy ſonne Chriſt to regenerate me a ſpirituall man, that beeing

beeing borne anewe, not of flesh, nor of bloud, nor of the will of man, but of the spirite, by the power of thy worde, *I* may bee consecrate a priest vnto thee. O Lorde and louer of holines, guide mee in the waie of thy will, that *I* wander not in vanitie, which thou abhorrest and canst not abide. Thou hatest sinne and all the workers of iniquitie: and vnlesse we repent, as father Baptist saide, we shall all for our sinnes suffer the rod of thy iustice. Giue mee therefore the sword of thy spirite, that *I* may cut off the eare of Malchus, and then bee healed by the plaister of Grace. Apparel me with thy heauenlie trueth, and arme me with thy

Hutchins, E.

holie worde, that in time of combate I may bee able to cut off the deſperate aſſaults of the ſinfull fleſh : Amen, O Lord, Amen, I ſay vnto the words: Aske and thou ſhalt haue. In mercie performe thy promiſe, O eternal veritie, and giue mee grace not to doubt thereof, Amen.

A prayer for the obtaining of grace.

O LORD, I am thy ſheepe, thy hands haue facioned me: a loſt ſheepe I am, that haue wandered paſt the paſtiure of thy will into the broade field of vanitie. As thou haſt framed mee therefore of thy

thy goodnes, to recall me from ſtraieng by the voice of thy mercie. Giue mee grace to heare thee, hearing to come vnto thee, comming to follow thee, and following thee the waie to heauen, and doore of glorie, euer to beare about mee the pearle of grace, and neuer to decline from the rule of thy will. Keepe mee from the pit of ſinne, vnderprop mee from falling into the ditche of iniquitie by the hand of thy fauour, and fenſe me with grace, the buckler of thy mercie, that I may defeate Satans wilineſſe, and repell the blowes of frowning ſinne & a cloudie conſcience. O Lord, let grace through the pipe or chanell of thy mercie

diſtill into the veſſell of my barren hart, that being moiſtened with the dewe of thy gratious bleſſinges, and ſoftened with the ſpirit of thy goodnes, *I* may lodge thee the bleſſed Trinitie linked in an indiſſoluble knot of vnitie, to the reparation of the image of grace and recouerie of diſgraced nature, Amen.

Another.

IT is thy gratious will, O God of mercie, that all men ſhould be ſaued. *It* is not thy will ô pitious *Ieſu*, that anie ſheepe of thy paſture ſhould bee deuoured or anie Creature periſhe, which thou of thy goodnes haſt framed. And therefore O louer of man, and loue it ſelfe, *I* a poore wretched ſinner, that haue

haue a long time paſtured in the broade way of iniquitie, yet hearing thee continuallie, and that of mercie calling: Come vnto mee, doe come vnto thee for grace and mercie againſt merited condemnation. Grace Lord, grace is all my ſute. For *I* am a plaine caſtaway: and by thouſands more wretched than the crawling worme of the earth, vnleſſe thou bedeck mee with the garment of Grace, and marrie mee in thy mercies promiſed to the houſe of Dauid. Lap mee therefore, O Father of Heauen in thy white rayment, and apparel my nakednes with the wouen coate of thy grace, that Satan finding no ſeame in my wedding garment,

garment, may not bee able in anie reſpect to rip vp my faultes before thee at the daie of thy viſitation. This doe O gratious Ieſu, clippe mee in thy ſweete armes, and bowe downe thy head to kiſſe mee in mercie, and bee not angrie for my ſinnes, but drowne them in thy pretious bloud, for thine owne ſake I beſeech thee, Amen.

A prayer for patience in affliction.

O Fountaine of comfort, O ſtreamie welſpringe of vndeſerued mercie: beholde moſt gracious GOD and louing Father, I beſeech thee, mee thy poore creature. Behold

Behold Lorde, I am a worme and no man: the buls of Basan impale mee rounde about, the diuell like an hungrie Lyon roreth and gapeth to dispatch mee, and the flesh like a venemous viper seeketh to stinge me. Good God behold, behold mee, and fortifie thy seruaunt, thine owne handie worke, against the stormie blastes of the enemie. Patience, patience O Lorde: adorne mee with patience, and seale vp in my heart the remission of my sinnes, by the testimonie of thy holie spirite, that being holden vp by the anchor of a liuely hope in thy sufficient merits, I may bee able to indure the ende of this my combat, which vnder thy banners

banners *I* preſentlie doe ſuſtein. Moſt mightie Michael, fence thy child againſt the traitorous rebels of this world, which doe nothing elſe but diſmember the babes of thy familie, and prophane thy pretious paſſion. Be thou vpon my ſide, that no enimie may preuaile againſte mee: Lord in thee haue *I* truſted let me neuer bee confounded, *I* beſeech thee for thine owne merites, Amen.

Another.

THere is no victorie without fighting, nor anie crowne withour victorie: giue mee therefore power O Lord, that fighting valiantlie, *I* may bee crowned glorioulie in heauen, with thee to liue for euer

euer. Miniſter ſtrength vnto mee that *I* maye ouermaiſter mine enimies, and giue mee the ſpirit of patience, that continuing to the ende, *I* may bee found and taken as a faithfull ſouldiour of thy ſonne *Ieſus*, and ſo be bleſſed. Let mee not faint in feare, but let mee fight in a liuelie faith which ouermatcheth the whole worlde. Plant mee a naturall branch by the power of thy worde, in the vine *Ieſus*, and make mee able to indure euerie cracke. Let no canker of ſinne eate mee, let no worme of a burnt conſcience gnaw mee, let no blaſte of the worlde ouercome mee: but ſtaie mee vp with thy mightie hand, and bee euer at mine elbow,

bowe that I may bee crowned, though I be crosſed, and ſaued, though nowe ſowſed in extreame tyrannie. In this is all my hope: for ſurelie of my ſelfe I am but a vapour, a worme: I am borne of a woman in ſinne a ſinfull childe by nature, and to my power wage battell with Satan againſt my ſelfe, to mine vtter vndooing O Lord, vnleſſe thou regenerate mee, and aſſiſt me with thy ſpirit, to mine abilitie alwayes to reſiſt the diuel: which do ô gracious God I beſeech thee, Amen.

A prayer in time of perſecution.

O Lord, whither ſhall I flie? or to whom ſhall I goe? I am in Peters ſhip,

ſhip, the winds rage and blow, the ſeas riſe and roare, the ſurging and angrie waues daſhe againſt the ſhip. Oh, what ſhall I doe? for thou art a ſleepe, O Ieſus: O maiſter ariſe or elſe I periſh. Pharao is at my heeles, the redde ſea before my face: how ſhall I eſcape? whither ſhall I flie? O gratious Lorde, make mee a way through the ſea before I periſh: and drowne Pharao my deadlie Saule with all his companie. Remember thy couenant O God of trueth, that thou wouldeſt be with me, and all thy tender chickens to the end of the world, to couer and ſaue me and them from the roring Lyon, vnder the winges of thy mercie. This is the wing

that

that holdeth mee vp in the ayre of comfort, that *I* may flie like an Eagle aloft to the carcaſe in time of neceſſitie. Lodge me, ô Lorde, in the boſome of comfort, and imbrace me betweene thine armes in ſafetie, that thou being with mee, no man may preuaile againſt mee: no not the Dragon with his Aungels, whome thou the true Michael didſt not onely incounter with, but alſo ouermatch in heauen, as a valiant Captaine: that *I* truſting in thee, and faithfullie fighting vnder thy banners, may not deſpaire of the Conqueſt. Lorde and gracious captaine, giue vnto me ſtrength to abide valiantlie all bruntes of this world, and neuer to ſhrinke from

from thee with fainting Peter, Amen.

Another.

O Gratious god, looke down vpon mee with the eie of thy mercie. For *I* am paled about with miſerie, and compaſſed with waters of perſecution. Aſſiſt me O Lorde, with thy holie ſpirit againſt the furie of the enimie, that I neuer fearing the toſting or butchering of this mine earthlie Tabernacle, maye euer for the tearme of my dayes feare and kiſſe thee leaſt thou bee angrie with mee, who art able and maieſt of thy iuſtice, not onelie deſtroy this my bodie, but alſo caſt my ſoule into the pitte of hel. Giue mee grace that I may pre-

preſernt my ſelfe boldlie before fleering Herod: being perſuaded of thy diuine prouidence, that thou wilte neuer forſake mee, but bee with mee during this my pilgrimage. I am better than a pennieworth ſparrowe O Lord, who cannot die without thy will and pleaſure. Garde mee therefore with the ſpirit of boldnes, that being aſcerteined of thy mercie, I may without feare confeſſe thee before men, and ſo bee confeſſed againe before thine Angels in heauen. Let no ſmart of miſerie diſmaie me, let no thornie Saule diſcourage mee in the race of my profeſſion, let no ſparkes of crueltie or ſmoke of biting tyrannie, choke the confeſſion

feſſion of thee: but pitch about mee the tents of thy grace, that being vnderpropped I fall not from thee: doe this O Lorde for thy names ſake, Amen.

A prayer againſt the enimies of the trueth.

O Lord and gracious GOD, looke vpon the face of thy Churche: Iudas doeth kiſſe hir, and all to betray hir, or rather make hauocke of hir. Behold Lorde, the tares haue almoſt choked thy corne, and the cockle-ſower looketh for a plenteous harueſt. Thou ſeeſt this O Lord, thou ſeeſt it: awake therefore and take thy fan in thy hande, to diuide thy corne

corne from the chaffe. Gather thy corne into thy garner, and with a blaſte of thy mouthe ſcatter the chaffe. Purge thy garden O Lorde, let no weede growe among thy Lillies, let no thorne hedge in thy ſauourie roſe, but fill thy church with the grace of thy ſpirite, leaſt being the faireſt of all women, ſhe touch the pitch, and ſo bee defiled. Burne vp the leauened and ſowre dough of iniquitie: but ſpeciallie of hereſie, which the cocle-prophetes ſeeke to bake, that wee may not onelie eate it but alſo digeſt it, to the great eclipſe of thy worde and our owne damnation. O Lord conuert them, or elſe reſtraine them with the bridle of thy iudge-

iudgement. Father forgiue them if it bee thy will, or elſe mowe them downe like haye and let them wither with the graſſe. If Iudas will continue in his trecherie, or Iulian in his apoſtaſie, if the wandering ſheepe will not heare the voice of thee her ſhepheard, but ſtill wander in the deſert of wickednes, giue her to the mouth of the Lyon O Lorde, leaſt turning to thy little flocke, ſhee corrupt the reſt: Graunt this for thine owne names ſake, Amen.

Another.

IT is thine owne leſſon, O Lorde: Take heed of the leauen of the Phariſees, becauſe it ſowreth & corrupteth the marowe of true religion. O Lorde, thou

thou knowest it and I acknowledge it, that I am a sprigge of withered nature, a dead branch of the rotten stocke of Adam: what shall I say? a naturall man I am, so blinded with the mist of ignorance and ouershadowed with the cloud of blindenesse, that I can not doe well, or will well, no not thinke well: so vnable I am to aspire to the knowledge of thy reuealed Gospell. And howe can I then O Lord, take heede of leuened doctrine, who am altogether leuened and bent to the worse by force of nature? O louinge Iesus thou art the eye of the faithfull, thou art wisedome it selfe to defeate Satans wilines, the sunne of righteousnesse to consume

consume the grosse vapours of ignorance, which drowneth our vnderstanding: so that thou art the onelie starre which shewest vs the deepe dungeons of heresies: and the onelie touch stone by which wee maye discerne good dough and sowred leauen, that wee may beware of them both Endew me therefore with knowledge from aboue, that I prooving the spirits whereof they are, may onelie cleaue to thy holy will, O gracious God, to whome be al glorie, Amen.

A prayer for the sicke.

Deere Father, looke vpon me with the eie of thy mercifull pitie

and pitifull mercie: beholde I am thy handie worke, a poore Creature of thine, I thanke thee for my former health, and I thanke thee also for this thy visitation, which I take as a fatherlie correction. For I haue swarued from the pathes of thy commaundementes, and in my life renounced my vowe at baptisme made vnto thee before thy Church, and therefore least as the witlesse sheepe I shoulde straie and so fall into the mouth of Satan, I take this thy visitation as thy voice, or a sermon of thy grace, whereby thou crieſt: Come vnto me, O gratious Iesu, this is thy woonted goodnesse towards the children of men. I am but dust and

ashes

aſhes, no better than a worme, a ſtained clout, no better than a ſhadowe, a vapor or bubble in the water: a verie wretch I am good Lord, borne in ſinne, by nature wrapt in iniquitie, and ſo thine vtter enemie, worthie to periſhe eucrlaſtinglie. But ſee thine owne goodnes, ſweete Lord: thine handes formed mee beeing nothing: thy mercie hath preſerued mee till this day beeing nought. And euen nowe ſweete Ieſu, thou haſt ſent thy purſeuant ſicknes to bid me put off the olde man, and put on the garment of faith, that I being readie for the mariage, may come and marrie thee in the couenant of thy father, wherein all the nations of

the world by ptomiſe are bleſſed, Amen.

Another.

LOuing Ieſu, pittifull Ieſu, bleſſed Trinitie haue mercie vpon mee. Beholde, I am ſicke Lorde: iuſtlie buffeted for ſinne, the mother of euerie mortall infirmitie. Yet Lorde, louing Ieſu pittie me, pittie my caſe. Louing father purge mee with Iſop, clenſe mee from my ſecret ſinnes, drie vp the puddle of iniquitie with the beames of thy mercie, and clenſe me in the poole of thy pretious bloud that this ſicknes and infirmitie, the iuſt reward and penaltie of ſin and iniquitie may ceaſe and finiſh. Beat me, O God, ô gratious God, O father of heauen, beate

beate me in fauour, and not in iudgement: kisse me with the couenant of grace, and bee not angrie with mee. O louing Iesu, ful of pitie and pitious compassion, I would be cleane: and if thou wilt, Lorde thou canst make me cleane. Behold Lorde I am sicke, the palsie of sinne shaketh euerie parte, the leprosie of mine iniquitie hath ouertun all my soule and bodie: but yet good Lorde, and gratious Iesus if thou wilt, thou canst make me cleane. For thou art my father Almightie, with whome nothing is impossible. Lorde I aske thy grace, giue it mee: I seeke it, let me finde it: I knocke for mercie: open O Lord the chest of thy goodnes,

and enrich me with the iewels of grace, that I may reigne with thee in glory, Amen.

A confession for the ſicke

MY thoughtes, my wordes, my deeds, all crie vnto mee: Thou art a ſinner And this doe I confeſſe vnto thee O Lord: I cannot ſo much as thinke a good thought, much leſſe can I ſpeake, muche leſſe can I doe well. I confeſſe that in mee that is in my fleſhe, dwelleth no good thinge: enen ſo vile a Creature, ſo wretched a caitife, that Satan might iuſtlie haue claimed my life in the ſwathelcloth, beeing borne the

childe

childe of wrath and heire of damnation. I am a cankered branch of mother Eue that ancient stocke of sinne, whose heritage is nothing but iniquitie garded with an infinite sea of misorie. For out of sinne as out of a filthie puddle, or stained fountaine issued the riuers of sicknes, death, and damnation, with such a streame, that they ouerranne and drowned the whole race of Adams cursed progenie. So that as I confesse my selfe a sinner, so doe I confesse that I am iustlie visited with this rod of sicknes, wherewith thou art woont of thy iustice to beate wanton Adam, that olde man of sinne, when he will not be ruled. Beat me therfore,

sore, beate me O Lord, to better me: and smite mee enough, so thou saue mee, as I doe put my trust in thee. Let Satan haue no power to harme me, nor the worlde with the baites of vanitie to snare me: but defend me from all euill I beseech thee, Amen.

Another.

O Bleeding Iesus, O slaughtered Lambe, O sweete babe of the virgin Marie, and onelie beloued darling of God: behold, heere I lie sicke in bodie and sore in soule, whome thou hast bought with thy pretious bloud. Helpe me, saue me from sinne, the fountaine of sicknes, O fountaine of mercie. For I am a grieuous sinner by

nature,

nature fettered with iniquitie, wherein I was conceiued and borne. O Ieſu, O Chriſt thou ſonne of Dauid, O gratious Samaritan and pitious ſhepheard haue mercie vppon me: haue mercie vpon mee, call me, clenſe me, ſaue me, ſalue mee with the merit of thy paſsion, againſte the palſie of ſinne and iniquitie. O lambe of God, thou haſt taken awaye the ſinnes of the worlde, thou haſt crucified the diuell: confirme this faith in mee louing Lorde, I beſeech thee: I beſeech thee encreaſe my faithe and renewe a righte ſpirit within mee. Remember Lorde, remember ſweete Ieſus thy crowne of thornes and bruzed head, thy boared handes,

nailed feete and crucified bodie. Remember the pearſing ſpeare, thy wounded ſide, and thy pretious bloud that did ſpin and guſh out. Remember thy bloudie teares, thy great thirſt of my ſaluation, and gall and vineger which thou didſt drinke to ſaue me, and for thy mercie: ſaue me, and crie to thy father: Father, father, forgiue him. O Ieſu be mine aduocate: praie, praie, ſweete Ieſus praie for me, and beſtowe ſome drop of thy bloud to waſh me, Amen.

A prayer againſt deſperation.

O Lorde, I am a greeuous ſinner, I haue paſſed and broken the bankes

bankes of thy commandements from the wombe till this daie I haue with the pirat Satan ſayled in the ſhippe of iniquitie, ſo that I maye ſaie with Paule: I am cheefe of all ſinners. This muſt *I* needes confeſſe to thee, O god of iuſtice, & this worme of conſcience biteth me. What then good Lord? ſhal the worm deuoure me? ſhall this ſnake of conſcience ſting me to death? what, good Lord? is the ſtreame of thy mercie ſtopped? are the riuers of thy grace dried vppe? is there no drop of thy bloud left to waſhe my ſeelie ſoule? doeſt thou not call me? ſaying: Come vnto mee. Yes good Lord, and therefore deſpaire I will not. *It* is not thy will that any

anie ſinner ſhould periſh: and thou haſt not onelie ſaid it, but ſworne it, that thou willeſt not the death of a ſinner, but rather his conuerſion and life.

Behold therefore deere Father, I come vnto thee being a greeuous ſinner, in hope of pardon in the name of Chriſte thy ſonne, who by his owne teſtimonie came into this world to ſaue ſinners. Hee was content to blot out that obligation which ſatan hadde againſt me, by the flood of hie pretious bloud which iſſued out of his glorious ſide. In this poole hee hath waſhed away the leproſie of ſinne, were it neuer ſo deſperate. And in token that hee is readie to receiue a ſinner, hee ſtret-

ſtretcheth forth both his ſweet armes, as readie to embrace, and boweth downe his glorious head, as willing to kiſſe the prodigall childe that craueth pardon for his miſſeſpent daies. O Lorde and gratious God, I haue waſted my daies in vanitie, I haue from time to time troden vnder my feete the perls of Chriſtian profeſsion, euen from the wombe haue I bene a rebellious traitour to thy maieſtie, a friend to this worlde, to godlines an enimie: but nowe O Lorde, I crie vnto thee: forgiue me, forgiue me. Now I come vnto thee, as thou haſt called mee: now therefore couer mee with the winges of thy mercie, and tender mee as the henne

henne doeth her chickens, leaſt Satan clawe me, and ſo I periſh. Good Lorde accept the bloud of thy ſonne, the merits of his manhood for a ſatisfaction for my ſinnes, drowne them in the ſtreame of thy mercie, and caſt them behinde thee, good Lord I beſeech thee.

O ſweete Ieſus lodge mee in thy pretious woundes, and looke vppon me with thy pretious eie, leaſt that bee deſtroyed which thou of thy great goodnes haſt made, and Chriſt thy ſonne of ineſtimable loue and infinite charitie hath redeemed, thorough his bitter paſſion. This is the totall ſumme of my ſute vnto thee Lorde: mercie, mercie ô father of mercie; mercie

is

is the thing that I begge: haue mercie vpon me, haue mercie vpon me I beseech thee louing Lord, haue pittie vpon me. Be thou my shepheard to defende mee, my Castell of defense to saue me against the gaping diuell. Thou hast store of mercie for them that aske it: O Lorde therefore euen for the woundes of thy deere sonne, haue mercie vpon me, let not sinne sting me to death, but lay to my sore soul the salue of thy mercy, one drop of thy sonnes bloud, a little dew of thy blessing, good Lorde, I beseech thee, Amen.

Another.

O Lorde my thoughtes, my wordes, mine actions haue

haue taken weapons and waged battell againſt mee: and Satan that olde rebellious traytour taketh part with them to ouerthrowe mee thy poore and impotent ſouldiour. Hee raiſeth vp the ſnake of my conſcience to ſting me, & the poyſon of an euill life to infect mee with the deſperate plague of Cains blaſphemie: and I am but fleſhe vnable to withſtande the furie of this drahon. Oh what ſhall I doo? I am a ſinner, as Satan ſaieth, and my conſcience telleth mee, and the rewarde is death as thy wotde doeth teach me. what then ſhall I doe? ſhall I die as *Iudas*, O Lord? is there no remedie? ſurelie my Lorde and my God, *I* deſpaire in my ſelfe,

ſelfe, and confeſſe my ſelfe the child of wrath by natures voice: but yet O Lord, it is thy voice, it is the voice of grace, that thy mercie is aboue all thy workes: in token whereof thou cameſt into the world to ſaue ſinners. This is the piller that vpholdeth me from falling: this is the rod of iron that daſheth Satan out of countenance, and defeateth the argumentes of my ſinfull conſcience: Arme me with this buckler of faith in thy meritorious incarnation, life, and paſſion, that I may not be giuen ouer as a pray to the dragon, but crucifie the ſnakie perſuaſions of Satan and his companie, Amen.

Another.

Another.

AVoid Satan: thou shalt not tempt the Lordes seruant: thy workes are destroyed thy bandes are broken, thou shalt not take or binde mee. Auoide sinne: for thou hast lost thy sting; thou wast condemned in the flesh, nailed to the crosse, and crucified with my Lord Christ vpon the tree. Auoide death, for thou art dead: and hell, for thou art swallowed vp in victorie. Auoide thou dragon and all thine angelles, for Michaell hath beaten thee, and broken thy head: he hath freed vs from sinne, and ledde awaie captiuitie captiue: euen hee Satan hath ouermastered thee, that crieth out vnto mee, Feare not,

not, for I haue ouercome the world: euen hee that hath promiſed to bee with mee till the ende of my pilgrimage, and crieth out: that if hee bee with mee, no man can bee againſt mee, no not hell gates to preuaile againſt mee. Fight therefore Satanne as long as thou wilte, thou ſhalt bee at length put to the foile: for the mightie Lyon of the tribe of Iuda telleth mee, that there is no condemnation to them that bee in him, that Ieſus is the conqueiour of the whole worlde, and vanquiſher of thee, fight and rage thou neuer ſo much. Therfore auoide I ſaie awaie from me, for in Chriſt haue I paſſed the ſea of my ſinnes, thy curſed

armie:

army and if thou follow to pur-
sue mee, thou shalt bee drow-
ned in the red sea of Christes
bloud, to whome bee all glorie,
Amen,

A prayer for the auoidance of Gods wrath.

O Tender harted Io-
seph, haue mercie
vpon me. Great is
the floud of mine
iniquities, so great O God of
mercie, that vnlesse the banks of
thy grace represse it, it will o-
uerrunne and so drowne my
feelie soule. Drowne my sinnes
in the poole of thy mercie, cast
them into the sea of thy bot-
tomles pitie, least the smoke of
my wickednesse doe smother

me

me, and the rod of thy iudgement breake and brooze mee like a potters veſſell. For the bagge of mine iniquities is ſo ſtuffed, and the ſtinge of my ſinnes ſo poiſonous, and the ſent of them ſo vnſauourie in thy noſtrelles O Lorde, that if thou wilt obſerue it, who may abide it? the ſureſt piller of thy Church would ſhake, the faireſt roſe would wither, the beſt lamb ſhould abide the ſlaughter, if the beames of thy mercie ſhoulde not parch and burne vp the ripe and plentious harueſt of our iniquities. O Lorde therefore haue mercie vpon vs, and beate vs not with the rod of thy furie, but vnderprop the ſhippe of our weake faieh with

the

the anchor of thy mercie, that beleeuing in thee, wee may not periſhe but haue euerlaſting life. Thou haſt apeſed, ô ſweete Ieſus, the wrath of thy father againſt ſinne conceiued, by thy meritorious paſſion, that I might with the holy ones bee holie as thou art. But I haue prophaned thy paſſion by my dailie faultes ſuch is the frailtie of the fleſh, for the which I iuſtlie may be refuſed. But yet Ieſus one drop of fauor beſtowe vppon mee and crie: For my bloudie paſſion father forgiue him I beſeeche thee, Amen.

A prayer for remiſſion of ſinnes.

O Lord, what doe I dailie but wander in the field of vanitie?

nitie? what is my hart but a filthie priſon of corrupt thoughts? what is my mouth but a ſtinking chanell of vaine wordes? what are my feete but chariots to bloudſhed? what are my handes but battellers with charitie? what is my head but a caſtell of wicked deuiſes? and what is my life but a fardell of iniquitie? I am nothing better than a dead tree, the roote is periſhed, the bough withered, I am fruitleſſe and good for nothinge but for the furie of the flame, What then, good Lord, ſhall it bee ſo? I am no better than a dead tree, but what? ſhall I burne ſweete Ieſu: O ſaue me for thy name ſake, and quicken me: create a newe hart within

within me, ingraffe mee in the true Oliue, purge mee that I may bring foorth much fruite, and for euer flouriſhe like a tree planted by the riuers ſide. O powre the oile of grace into my defiled heart, and ſeaſon it with the ſalt of thy mercie, leaſt the fume of mine iniquities aſcend vppe to thy noſtrels, and prouake thy furie againſt mee. Powre downe ſome drops of thy pretious bloud from the clouds of thy mercie, to quench out the angrie flame of ſinne, which I my ſelfe am not able to put out by the vertuous water of anie merite. Purge mee therefore with Iſop, O Lorde, and then I ſhall bee cleane. O lambe of God, let mee eate thy

flesh,

fleſh and drinke thy bloud, that I may liue by thee, and cloath mee in the wooll of thy mercie, that no winter of ſtorming ſinne doe pinch my ſeely ſoule. This doe O Lorde, for thy mercies ſake, Amen.

Another.

O Lorde, like a witles ſheepe I wander in the perillous wilderneſſe of ſinne: I am loſt, ô my God in the fielde of vanitie where Satan ſeeketh to trappe and deceiue mee with the flattering baite of ſinfull pleaſure. Good Lorde leaue thy ninetie nine, and looke for the loſte ſheepe till thou haue founde hir, For I am loſte good Lorde, and muſt needes periſh, vnleſſe thou ſaue me: Drawe me vp to

thee in the bucket of thy mercie, and place mee in thy safe pasture of grace, the onelie sting that ouermaistereth Satan. Choose me into the colledge of ioy, that I may sleepe in the lap of thy word, which is thy power vnto saluation. Doe this O Lorde, for thine owne sake, that thine angels maye haue occasion to reioyce, and to set foorth thy glorie. Looke for the lost groate, O gracious God, and finde it out with the candle of thy mercie, and locke it vppe in the treasure of ioye? euen me O Lord, that thou thy selfe in great ioye maiest call thine holie angels and heauenlie companie to reioyse with thee, because thou hast founde me

mee a loſt groate, and ſtraying ſheepe. Be thou my Ieſus, euen for thine owne ſake, waſhe awaie the leproſie of ſinne, that beeing cleanſed, I may returne in ioy, to ſound out the praiſes of thy holie and vndeſerued dealinges with mee thine enimie, Amen.

Another.

BEnd downe thy pitious eie O Lord, from the palace of heauen, and looke vppon mee thy poore and wretched creature. Behold, I thy handiework thine owne workemanſhip am diſgraced, nature hath wrapped me in ſinne, the diuell hath defaced bodie and ſoule, ſo that I am nothing better than a lumpe of iniquitie. The euill

gardener hath planted weedes in thy garden, the euil husband hath ſowne teares and cockle in thy fielde. O Lorde with the ſworde of thy mercie digge vp the weedes of ſinne: and with the beames of thy pittie partch vp the cockle and tares of Satan, that *I* may flouriſh like a branche of thy ſonne Ieſus and growe like a flower in the paſture of grace, by the dewe of thy bleſsing. Scatter awaie from thy face with the winde of thy mercie, the chaffe of iniquitie, and gather thine owne corne into the garner of glorie. Let me not ſtarue for want of grace, but feede mee with mercie, and make me a ſimple doue, that hauing the winges of

a liuelie faith, and faithfull conſcience, *I* may fly vppe to the beacon of the croſſe, there to eate the merite of thy Sonne Chriſt, my mightie *Ie*ſus. O Lorde wrap mee in his paſſion and death. that no ſtorme of ſinne doo touch mee to my vtter condemnation, Amen.

A prayer for increaſe of faith.

WHat man, O God. was ſo fettered in the ſnare of ſinne, that hee coulde not by any meanes deliuer himſelfe, and therefore was for euer to lie bound with the chaine of Satan in hell: it pleaſed thee ô Lord, to worke meanes of de-

liuerie, by thine owne ſonne to vnlooſe the ſhackels of ſinne, that man might be ſet at libertie. For this I giue thee moſte hartie thankes O gracious God and father of mercie. For what a thing is this? Man was loſte through his owne follie. Iudas for monie, but Adam for an apple forſooke thee, and ſo deſerued not onelie to bee forſaken, but alſo like an vtter enimie and rebellious traitor, to bee executed in iuſtice and iudgement. But behold O ye ſonnes of men, where man was vnable and angels not ſufficient to worke recouerie of grace, and deliuerie from Satans ſlauerie, hee ſpared not to ſhedde the bloud of his ſonne for the redemption

demption of man, and ſatisfaction of his iuſtice.

Behold and woonder: God hath but one ſonne, his deare ſonne, his onelie ioye, his owne image, his expreſſe ſubſtance, and yet doeth he ſend this one babe, like a Lambe in this cuill worlde among *Foxes*, to bee torne and cruellie butchered, that by the drops of his pretious bloud hee might waſhe the filthie face of our ſoules, and with the wooll of his paſſion, the merit of his ſlaughter, ſo clothe vs, that noe ſtorme of raging ſinne might diſmaie vs, The ſtreames of thy ſonnes bloud, vnleſſe wee bathe our ſelues in them, vnleſſe we waſh vs in the poole of his bloud, his paſſion

O father of heauen, shall nothing auaile vs. Giue vs therefore good God a full and sounde hande, that we may receiue the bloud of thy sonne Christe to our saluation. Increase our faith in vs, giue vs a winged faith, that we may flie vnto Christ thy son and our Sauiour, standing on the beacon of the crosse to purchase the redemption of the whole world.

But especiallie in time of extreamitie, when Sathan doeth seeke to choake vs with the smoothering smoake of sin, and like a wilie Pyrate seeketh to sinke the shippe of our weake faith: then O Lorde, when hee raketh our sinnes out of the ashes, and calleth a parliament of

of his helliſh Angels to accuſe vs before thee and thie holie companie, that being conuinced of trecherie to thy maieſtie, wee may abide the rod of thy furie: euen then O Lorde, giue vs a feathered faith, that wee may flie aboue the reache of Satan and reſt in the wounds of thy deere ſonne in ſafetie, without perill of ſhipwracke, be the waues of ſinne neuer ſo outragious, or the wings of iniquitie neuer ſo tempeſtuous. Couer vs with the winges of thy fauour, garde vs with the hande of thy power, and pull vs out of the deepe mire of our ſecret ſinnes, that being drowned in thy mercie, wee maye in a liuelie faith ſpring out of the

puddle of miſerie, into the ſea of thy merites for our endleſſe ſafetie, Amen.

A prayer for preachers.

O Thou good ſheepherd of our ſoules, haue mercie vppon vs: thou haſt appointed vs as Vicars and Deputies vnder thee, or rather for nurſes for thee, to traine vp the babes of thy familie in the loue and feare of thee. Giue vs, wee beſeech thee, the pure milke of thy Goſpell to feede them: but eſpeciallie the light of honeſt conuerſation, to guide them out of this vallie of darkeneſſe, vnto thee the true morninge ſtarre,

ſtarre, and ſunne of righteouſnes. Arme vs with the buckler of thy trueth, that wee maie not onelie bicker with, but alſo put to flight Satan that rauenous Lion, O Lorde, who ſeeketh by ſubtiltie to trappe and deuoure the lambes of thy paſture. We pon vs with *Scriptum eſt.* It is written O Lorde, which is thy power vnto ſaluation, and the onelie buckler whereby thou didſte defende thy ſelfe in thy threefold combat with Satan. Take from vs the leauen of the Pharaſies, the ſowred dough of hereſies, beeing the verie cancker of Chriſtian profeſſion, and the onelie pitch that defileth the table of thy Children, that wee may feede thy children

children onelie with the worde of thy mouth. This doe O Ieſus for thine own ſake, Amen.

A prayer for the increaſe of Preachers.

SAtan, O Lord, ſayleth vppon the ſeas of this worlde, to hinder and keepe backe the propagation of the goſpell: killing by ſword, boyling in fire, and choking by the darnell of his cocle goſpell the bebes of thy familie. So that now thy Church O Lorde, is harrowed, little is the flock of thy beloued Steuen, wee haue a grear dearth of preaching *Ie*remies, and a verie ſmall number of crying Eſayes to conduct

duct thy children, the tender ſucklinges of thy Goſpell, from danger to ſafetie, out of the rough wildernes of this wicked world. O looke vpon thy little flocke, let the Foxe no more fleece them, but ſende ſhepheardes to feed them with the pure milke and ſound meate of thy Goſpell. Send vs no woolues to teare, but ſende vs dogges to defend the ſheepe of thy Paſture, againſt our woluiſh Pharao, that continuallie gapeth to deuoure thy beloued *Iſrael*. O Lorde haue mercie vppon vs, and let the riuers of thy worde haue free courſe iu euerie chanell: let no puddle of filthie doctrine, or quagmire of damnable hereſie trouble thy

thy little flock and ſweet babes, leaſt they taſting thereof, drinke their owne deſtruction. But ſende downe thine Angels to cleanſe the poole of thy worde, mingled with the water of hereſie, that wee lying ſicke at the gate of thy mercie, maie deſcend into it, and ſo bee healed. Grant this for thine infinit mercies ſake, and for the glorie of thine eternall Godhead, Amen.

A praier for the Schoolemaiſter.

WHere ſhall I begin, O Lorde, to rip the vnſeamed coate of thy benefites? O that *I* were all hart to conceiue or

or all tongue to vtter them: For where wee had not onelie loſte the inheritance of paradiſe, but alſo the integritie of Nature, through Father Adams follie: thou haſt ſet downe precepts, and elected gouernours ouer youth, that being ruled by tutours', and liuing well by precepts, the children of Adam might recouer the diſgraced puritie of nature, and at length (of thy meere fauour) bee exalted, not to an earthlie paradiſe but to an heauenlie inheritance, to enter and inherite the palace of an heauenlie Ieruſalem. And whereas, O welſpring of all goodnes, thou haſt appointed me to view and ouerſee the naturall man, not onlie to traine him

him vp in learning but alſo in liuing: giue mee thy grace that I may firſt of a wilde oliue become a braunch of *Ieſus*, that awaking my ſelfe with the winges of thy mercie, I may crowe the better to ſtumbling Peter, not onelie in deliuering precepts, but alſo examples of godlie life and honeſt conuerſation. Giue me the true knowledge of thy word, that by it as by a lanterne I may guide my ſelfe and them the better, from wandering in vanitie, into the waie of ſanctitie. Giue mee alſo grace to doe my duetie faithfullie, and imprint in my heart the laſt daie when *I* ſhall render an account of my calling, ſo that alwayes remembring it,

it, I may the better fulfill it. O Lord ſhew thy mercy, Amen.

Another.

O Lord giue me grace to be faithful in my vocation, to bee diligent in my calling to traine vp youth: but before all things to ſerue thee. Scoole me, O gratious God, in the waie of thy will, and teach me the waie of thy commandementes, that I may not onely liue by thee, but in thee for euer. Plant me like a branche of grace in the garden of thy gratious pleaſure, that I may growe in thee, and not in the broade way of iniquity, or wide field of vanity. Order thou my wayes with the rule of thy will, and guide my ſteps by this lanterne

lanterne of life, that neither for feare or flatterie *I* ſwarue from the leſſons of thy holie ſpirite: but euer may walke with the warrant of a good conſcience in thy lawe and teſtimonies. For this O Lord, ſhall redounde to the profite of thy Churche, whereof thy Baptiſme *I* am a member: as alſo to the bettering of youth which is better ſchooled by examples of a godlie life, than by precepts of learning. Therefore, O Lorde, that thy Church may bee vnſpotted and without wrinckle, *I* beſeech thee in thy ſonnes name to haue mercie vpon mee and all my brethren, which liue in faith and feare of thee, that our good liues maie glorifie thee

thee our father in heauen: and ſpur the babes of thy familie, to the perfourmance of their vow, by the power of thy ſpirit, Amen.

A prayer for Schollers.

O God, we are a curſed progenie, by nature lapt in the bands of ſinne, and ſettered in the chaine of death, the due rewarde of ſinne and iniquitie: but of thy meere mercie thou haſt drawne vs vnto thee out of the iawes of our ſpirituall Pharao. by the death of Chriſt thine onelie ſonne, that mightie Lyon of the tribe of Iudah, that being deliuered

uered from the handes of our enimies, wee might ſerue thee in him all the dayes of this our life. But becauſe wee cannot of our ſelues, and by our ſelues, aſpire to the end of our redemtion: we giue thee thankes O Lord, that it hath pleaſed thee to helpe vs by this meanes, to wit, by placing vs vnder tutors. Thou haſt throughlie ſifted our nature: thou knoweſt that there is continuall battell betweene the wanton fleſhe and the ſpirit of ſanctification: and therefore to repreſſe olde Adam, and to crucifie the kingdome of the wanton fleſh, thou haſt put this yoke vppon vs to bee vnder tutors and gouernours to crop the crooked boughes

boughes off, and to mow down the ripe harueſt of wicked nature, that they might by preceps of life, with the aſsiſtance of thy ſpirit, graffe vs in the true vine Ieſus, and alſo printe the ſtampe of Chriſtian knowledge in the tables of our harts; that being no baſe metall but pure and fine ſiluer, we might (& yet of grace) bee weighed in the balance of thy mercie as currant coyne, to bee placed in the ſtorehouſe of thy ioy for euer. To thee as only good, be al glory, Amen.

The mothers praier for the good education of hir youth.

OGratious God, in knowledge that thou loueſt all things,

thinges which thou haſt made of thy goodnes: and that thing cannot periſh, which is committed to thy charge. Nowe I come vnto thee with my tender children, committing them into thine handes, and deſiring thee to couer them vnder the winges of thy prouident mercie. Hew and ſquare the rough table of their heartes, of ſtonie make them fleſhie, that being ſoftened by the dewe of thy bleſſinges, they may beare the ſeale of adoption in thy ſonne Chriſt. O Lord guide them in this darke vale of vanitie, with the light of thy fauour, that eſcaping the dungeon of ſinne, they may walke in newnes of life, and lodge alwayes in thine holie

holie will. Imprint in their harts faith, hope, humilitie, and charitie: that following thee they may bee humble and meeke as thou art. Indue them with the ſpirite of feare, that they may kiſſe thee in faith and liuely obedience, thou beeing neuer angrie with them, but louing them, as the mother dooth her tender ſucklings, Amen.

The Fathers prayer.

O Father of all Fathers, haue mercie vpon me, and giue me thy grace, not onelie to bee thankefull for this thy gratious gift, but alſo dutifull to vſe it after thy good will and pleaſure. It is thy will O father

ther of Heauen, that children ſhoulde come vnto thee: yea, that all men ſhoulde bee ſaued, and come to the knowledge of the truth. Fill the cuppe of thy mercie, O Lorde, and let mee drinke of it, and my children pledge me, that wee may together bee wrapped in the garment of Grace, and at length bee married vnto thee into the kingdome of glorie. Take my tender babes, O Lorde into thy familie, that as children of thy houſe, together with mee, they may ſit with Father Abraham Iſaac and Iacob, at the table of ioy, in ioie vnſpeakeable, and in pleaſure inconceiueable. Giue them the Spirite of thy fauour, that they may crie truelie vnto thee,

thee, Abba, Father, assured in their consciences, that they are thy children, and coheires with our Sauiour Iesus of life eternall. O father shewe thy mercie for thy mercies sake, Amen.

The child prayer.

I Am borne a naturall child, O father of heauen, weake in bodie, blinde in soule, in all parts maimed, and as it were lapt in bands of miserie O Lord renew mee wholie, make me a babe of thy familie, that I maie sucke the paps of thy word, which is of power to saue bodie and soule. Lop the tree of nature, O gratious God, and restraine me within

the banks of thy will by the bridle of thy ſpirite, that I neuer paſſing the limites of thy good pleaſure, may of thy mercie be taken as worthie to ſit with father Abraham in the reſtefull lande of Canaan. Regenerate me O Lorde, and make mee a newe creature, that hauing put off the olde manne. I may bee transformed into thee the ſecond Adam, in newnes of life and be freed from all bruntes of ſtorming nature and blowes of tyrannous Satan, that I may ſleepe in the lap of thy Church in ſafetie for euer. O ſweete Ieſus, let no tempeſt of ſinne, or thunderboult of Satan or his myniſters ouerturne mee thy poore creature. ſayling vpon the

the foming ſeas, beſet and beaten with the ſurges of this preſent worlde: but gard me with thine hand, and let thine holie Angels pitch their tents about me, leaſt the brickle barke of my bodie beeing broozed with the waues of wickednes, and the ſhippe of my ſoule ſhaken with the tempeſts of iniquitie, I vtterlie come to nought and become a caſtaway. In al dangers therefore, giue me grace to crie vnto thee with a lowde voice, Helpe mee, thou that canſt ſtill the roughneſſe of the ſea, or elſe I periſh, Amen.

The Husbandmans prayer.

I A poore husbandman O lord GOD doe come vnto thee

for ſuccour. Ieſus thou ſonne of Dauid haue mercie vppon mee. Thou art the true vine, and GOD thy father the huſbandman and a branche ingraffed in thee by grace, and nouriſhed by the iuice of mercie. O Lorde, when the pocke of my corrupt nature breaketh out, and the wild Oliue ſheweth it ſelfe, then of thy fauour lop and crop mee: purge mee, that I may budde in thee, and beare fruite worthie repentance. Giue me thy grace, that I tie not my hart to this world nor locke my thoughtes in the chaine of vanitie: but free me from the ſlauerie of the diuell, and vnloſe the deſperate knot of my ſinfull conſcience, that

ſinne

ſinne beeing diſiointed by remiſſion, and my conſcience vnlinked from ſinne, I may ſerue thee in holines and righteouſneſſe all the dayes of my life. Aide mee O father of heauen, when the branch of ſinne will ouerwantonlie flouriſh, & olde Adam paſſe the limits of thy holie will, Doe this, O father, and onelie good husbandman, for thine owne ſake, Amen.

The Maidſeruants prayer.

ALL eſtates O Lorde, depend vpon thee, Kinge and begger: Magiſtrate and clergieman, maiſter and ſcholler: all

all come of thee. And me thou haſt made a poore handmaide, which I doe not onlie willinglie beare, as knowing thou haſte allotted mee this calling: but alſo verie many waies *I* haue to thanke thee for it. For thou haſt not onelie deliuered mée from the ſlauiſh ſeruice of Satan, but alſo doeſt (by this my yoke) reſtraine the wanton reliques of ſtained nature, preſerued me from the pampering of the olde man in pleaſure and idleneſſe. Secondly, that I am not ſeruaunt to anie heathen Turke, or Saracen: but vnto a Chriſtian, in ſuch a place, where thy Goſpell is preached freelie, and fullie. Thirdlie and ſpecialliẹ, becauſe thou haſt called

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me vnto ſuch an eſtate of life, as wherein I knowe I doe well pleaſe thee. For who liueth after thy Goſpell, *If* not *I*, whoe get my liuing with the ſweate of my browes? *I* doe not glory heere in vaine, but to thee bee the glorie, who haſt turned the curſe into ſuch a bleſſing. O Lord giue me grace to conſider this, that I may bee more diligent in my calling, more earneſt in ſeruing thee than euer I haue beene heeretofore. Forgiue me all that is paſt, and guide mee in thinges to come, that I may neuer halte in my vocation. Giue mee a ſounde and perfect faith in thy ſonnes blood O father, wherein he hath waſhed (of his great mercie)

my poore ſoule, that notwithſtanding I ſerue a mortall man, yet aboue him in all thinges, I maie ſerue thee, to whome bee all glorie both nowe and for euer, Amen.

A prayer for a woman with child.

IN the beginning of the world, O father of heauen, after thou hadſt formed man of the ſlime of the earth, and yet prince ouer all creatures: it pleaſed thee of thy goodnes to create a woman of his ſide, as well for his ſolace, as for the continuance of his ſeede. It was thy worde vnto them, Increaſe and multiplie.

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This increaſe was eaſie, but mother Eue hath made it hard (by paſſing the boundes of thy will) to all her poſteritie: ſo that the woman conceiueth and bringeth foorth in great paine, and dangerous trauell the fruite of her wombe: in ſo greate paine O Lorde in ſuch extreme pangs, that vnleſſe thou quench the flame of her ſorrowes with the water of comfort, it is impoſſible for her to beare that into this vale of miſerie which thou of thy goodneſſe haſt framed, and ſhe conceiued. Wherfore thou God of woonders, and Father almightie of Heauen, as thou haſt by the ſlaughter of thine onelie lambe, taken away the ſinnes of the whole

worlde, and condemned ſinne in the fleſhe: ſo take awaie the pangs of childbirth, the fruite of ſinne from all womankinde, eſpeciallie this woman, that bearing ioyfullie, that which ſhee hath conceiued fruitefullie, and thou haſt faſhioned gratiouſlie ſhe may glorifie thee moſt carefullie, & praiſe thee moſt thankfully, the onely ſtay of her eſtate in all extremitie, both now at this preſent, and hereafter euerlaſtinglie, Amen.

A prayer for a woman in trauell.

LOrde ſaue mee, or elſe I periſh. Lorde haue mercie vpon me a ſinner. Pitifull Ieſu

Ieſu ſhew thy mercie vnto me, and let the light of thy countenance ſhine vpon mee, that I bee not ſwallowed vp in griefe and ſorrowe. Lorde, ſweete Lord, thou ſendeſt thy ſeruants to call me to the marriage: thy fatlinges and oxen are killed, and Dinner is readie: Lorde giue mee grace to come vnto thee, that beeing freed from ſinne, and eaſed of ſorrow, the fruit of ſinne, I may marie thee in the couenant of thy mercie, and banquet with thee face to face at the table of ioye, in thy heauenlie *Ieruſalem*. Lord, louing Lorde and gratious God, bleſſe the fruite of my wombe, and take it into thy familie. For I beleeue Lorde, that thou becameſt

becameſt of God the ſonne of man, to make it and all other, whome thy father hath giuen thee, the children of God thy heauenlie Father. According to my faith therefore O Lorde, be it vnto mee. Open the doore of thy mercie and lodge my childe in the vertue of thy couenant, that being my God and the God of my ſeede, I maie glorifie thee both now and euer, and offer vp the ſacrifice of praiſe, the fruites of a ioyfull ſpirit vnto thee. Lord and Father of heauen, it is thy will that all men ſhould be ſaued: thy wil be done, and ſaue mee by thy mercie I beſeech thee, Amen.

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A prayer for the priſoner.

O Liuing GOD and louing Father of heauen, *I* haue ſtood in the waye of ſinners, and waſted my dayes in iniquitie, for the which I am iuſtlie tied in bandes, and ſhall ſuffer the ſhippewracke of this fraile and fading life. O Lorde comfort me with thy holie ſpirit againſt the terror of death: and ſo roote in mee the hope of ſaluation, that *I* may looke in ſtedfaſt faith after the night of my paſſion, to ſuppe and to be with thee in heauenlie paradiſe. Euill hath bene my life, euen from the wombe haue I

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warred with euill nature againſt thee, and to my power ſought to deſtroy my ſelfe, and to crucifie my Ieſus again moſt villanouſlie. But yet O Lorde and father of mercie, I beleeue verelie that all thy ſonnes bloud is not dried vp. I am perſwaded that there are ſome drops of grace reſerued for all laden and labouring publicans, and therefore comming vnto thee I crie and call: *Lord haue mercie vpon me a ſinner. Lord, O Ieſu thou ſonne of Dauid haue mercy vpon me.* Remember thy bloodie paſſion, and with the teſtimonie of thy moſt holy rpirite ſeale vp in my heart my ſaluation, that I may die in thee, and ſo liue with thee for euer. Amē.

A prayer to be ſaid at the houre of death.

FAther of heauen into thy handes I doe commend my ſoule Lorde increaſe my faith, ſtrengthen my weakenes, fortifie my ſoule with the Teſtimonie of thy fauour, againſt the feare of death, which is dreadfull vnto mee. O gratious God, looke not vppon my merits, for they are none: nor vppou my life, for it hath bene very naught and abhominable, but looke vpon Chriſt thy deere ſonne and my louing Ieſus: who beeing ſlaughtered vpon the altar of the Croſſe, crieth vnto thee for mee and my brethren:

thren: Father forgiue them. Thy ſonne O Lorde, died to deliuer vs, was bound to loſe vs out of helliſh Aegypt, that being freed by him, wee might alwayes and ſolie ſerue him. But mercie Lorde, mercie is all my ſute: for I haue prophaned his pretious paſsion by my euill conuerſation, and done what laie in my power to crucifie him againe: but notwithſtanding Lorde, thou are alwayes mercifull and of great pittie: and I beleeue verelie, that thy ſonnes mercie is not abated, who cried for the butchering Iewes, Father forgiue them. Louing God therefore burie mine iniquities, and accept thy ſonnes crie as a ſatisfaction for my ſinne,

ſinne Lord haue mercie vpon me a ſinner, Amen.

A prayer for the trueth.

HEreſie O Lorde, is the ſpurre of dunghil cockes and hirelinges, which faint and will not fight in thy quarell againſt the wolfe, for the ſheepe of thy paſture. Let not this ſpur blind the eies of Chriſtians, let it not ſhut vppe the windowe of thy will. Thy truth defende O gratious God, and with the whippe of thy iudgement ſcourge all penie Goſpellers, and ſcowre thy fathers houſe, which muſt bee a houſe of praier, that thy worde may

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be truely preached, which is thy power vnto ſal.ation. Graunt vnto vs the pure bread of life, let it not bee ſowred with the leuen of vnſeaſoned Rabbins, leaſt thy trueth beeing eclipſed with euill doctrine, bee vtterlie buried, and ſo thy Lambes for huger ſtarued. The babes of thy familie do hunger and gape for meate: they daylie crie vnto thee, *Father of heauen deliuer vs from euill*: Come Lord *Ieſus*, come: for thou art trueth, and the onely teacher of trueth. Roote vp out of thy garden the weedes of hereſie, and hinder the blaſte of ſlaundering Trumpetters, whoe doe nothing elſe but barke againſte thy trueth, and bite the good

names

names of others, and all to the defacing of thy Gospell, Amen.

A prayer for the ploughman.

IT is thy iuste reward, O God, to man for his trecherie and disobedience against thy maiestie, that he should get his liuing by the sweat of his browes. I confesse therefore O thou iust God and louing father, that I haue merited this bondage, that thou maiest bee iustified when thou art iudged. Giue mee thy grace O Lord, that I may bee diligent and faithfull in my vocation, to doe my dutie, not so much for feare as for conscience. Giue

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me thy grace, that *I* may ſerue with a willing minde, and a free conſcience, that beeing ſubiect to a Chriſtian in bodie, yet *I* may beare rule ouer ſinne and Satan in a ſtedfaſt faith, and feare of thee. Garde and defend mee with thy grace, and fenſe me with thy fauour. Vphold my feet from ſlipping, ſtaie mee that I fall not, and if I fall, raiſe mee vp that I may not lie in the mire of deſperation, when ſinne ſhall aſſault mee. Plow my hart with the threates of thy pearſing lawe, and harrowe it with a greeuous memoriall of my omitted duetie: but ſo O Lord, that thou in the end doe ſowe in it the ſeede of thy Goſpell, the bread of immortali-

mortalitie, that I may liue in thee and by thee, now and for euer, Amen.

A prayer for the blessing of his labour.

SVch was the fall of Adam, O gratious God, so great was his rebellió against thy diuine maiestie, that of desert thou maiest forsake him, and staie the hand of thy bounteous liberalitie. Notwithstanding Lorde, because that thou hast commaunded all men to aske, and allured them to craue thinges necessarie by thy promise, that hee that asketh shall haue: therefore, O Lorde, in hope of thy wonted and of

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fered mercie. I come vnto thee in the names of Christ thy beloued ſonne and my louinge husband: deſiring thee, in the ſtreames of thy bloudie teares, to waſh me from my ſinnes, to burie them, in the bottome of the ſea, and to ſcatter them as chaffe before the winde, that I being taken into thy fauour, and reconciled to thee in the bloud of the immaculat lambe, may looke in aſſurance for thy fatherlie prouidence. bleſſe, O Lord, the curſſed earth: ſo fructifie the barren earth with the deawe of heauen, that wee may haue great cauſe to glorifie thy name, and ſufficient for nature againſt extremitie, to releeue vs with thy ſtore in

time

time of neceſſitie, Amen.

A prayer for peace.

APpeaſe, O gratious God, the ſurging waues of this preſent euill worlde: cut downe the angrie makebates, and graunt vnto vs the peace of thy ſpirit: that liuing in one minde, aud bearing about vs one will grounded vpon thy gratious pleaſure, wee maye bee gathered into one ſheepefolde, and liue in brotherlie loue and vnfained vnitie. O louing maker and God of peace, it is a pitious thing to ſee the malice of the world: it is a miſerie to behold how thy members diſioint themſelues in

in ceremonies and beggerlie elements: it is a hell to consider how mightie Saule rageth against little Dauid: to see the beastlie crueltie and tiger like tyrannie of the Pharaos of this world, who not tendring their owne case, not regarding the end of thy passion, or full and sole redemption, doe racke and rent the babes of thy Church, thy beloued wife. Redresse all this gratious God: eyther cut off our enimies or else conuert them, that wee may together wage battell against the diuell our archaduersarie. Season the harts of our brethren, that will for a trifling ceremonie, renounce thy veritie, and breake the bandes of Christian vnitie.

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Continue the weake nouices of thy ſchoole in the libertie of thy Goſpell, that all offenſe being taken away, wee may ſerue thee the God of peace, euen charitie it ſelfe, in charitie, Amen.

A prayer in time of warre.

O Lorde and onelye peacemaker, linke vs in vnitie that are deuided, ioyne vs inloue that haue ſundered our ſelues, and ſo tranſgreſſed thy holy will. If our cauſe bee euill, good Lord amend vs and reconcile vs with the peace of thy ſpirit: if it be good, defende vs O Lorde, and turne vnto vs,

or elſe confound our enemies. Gratious Ieſus, thou knotte of peace, which haſt ioyned God thy father and man, not onelie in fauour as friendes, but alſo coupled vs in one brotherhood with thee, as his children: wee beſeech thee to ſowe the ſeede of concord in vs, that wee may liue in thee as fruitfull branches now and for euer. O Lord giue vs thy grace that wee purchaſe no enuie, nor bee the fathers of ſedition, of warre, or any inſurrection: but imprinte in our heartes thus much, that thou art loue, who ſhall come to iudge the quicke and the dead. Charitie ſhall iudge the worlde, and confound all bruers of tumults. Ingraue this leſſon, O Lord, in the

the tables of our harts, and forgiue vs al that is past, and guide vs in that which is to come, that we fall not but stande fast in the way of thy wil, Amen.

A praier for the Captaine.

DEfend the righteous cause of thy seruant: assist me with strength against mine enemies, with the wisdom of thy spirit against the policie of man, that beeing wholie guided by thee, I may fight māfully in thy quarrell, to the building of thy church, and vtter rebuke of her aduersaries. Without thee, O fountain of goodnes, and God of

mine eſtate I can doe nothing. Arme mee therefore with thy grace, with the buckler of thy worde, that I may bee able not onelie to war with, but alſo to ouermatch Satan my deadlie foe, and all his helliſh band, ſetting themſelues againſt thee and thine annointed. Enriche me with thy mercie, that I may bee able to put vpon mee the white raiment of faith, and being clothed with it, may ſtande ſure againſt the ſoming miniſters of the diuell, that no ſtorme may ouerturne or diſmay mee. O Lord keep me from al wreſtling affections, from inordinate motions defende mee, O Lord. Let al diſcord bee remoued, whereby thy pellican chil-

dren

dren may bee diſſeuered. But nouriſhe O God of loue, thy babes with the ſpirite of patience, that *I* and they beeing of one minde, may doe our endeuours, and binde our whole ſtrength to the reedifieng of mother Sion, which trauelleth with ſorrowes, and ſinketh in the miſt of hereſies, vnles thou pul her out by the hande of thy mercie: which doe O gratious God, I beſeech thee, Amen.

A prayer for the ſouldiour.

THis worlde is nothing elſe but a ſea of trouble, heere the diuell ſtormeth, there the worlde frowneth, on

euerie ſide the fleſh aſſaulteth vs, ſo that our life may well bee tearmed a warrefare, and our daies a treaſure of dangers. O Lorde, with the anchor of thy mercie vphold vs, that we ſinke not in the ſea of this troublous time: but guide vs with thy holy ſpirite, that our liues may pleaſe thee, and wee in our death prayſe thee, through Ieſus Chriſt our Lord. Plant the tree of peace among vs, let it flouriſhe to the gladdening of our hartes, that all diſſention cut off, wee may bee linked in one knot of Chriſtian vnitie, gathered into one ſheepfold, and guided by thee our onelie and one ſheepheard. Let nothing ſunder the members of thy body

bodie, but cheriſh and nouriſh them with a full perſuaſion of brotherhood, in the vnitie of our Sauiour, and thee our owne and onelie father, Amen.

A prayer in time of dearth.

O Mightie God and maker of all things, thou art iuſte, and in iuſtice haſt thou ſcourged vs: wee confeſſe it, O Lorde. Our liues haue deſerued thy whip, the exceſſiue riot of ſinne hath merited the famine and want of thy gratious benefites: but notwithſtanding louing Lord, burie our iniquities in the multitude of thy wonted goodnes, and bleſſe vs,

with the ſtore of thy mercie, that as wee may nowe declare thy iuſtice reuealed againſte ſinne: ſo likewiſe wee maye preach and blaſe abroad to the worlde, the bottomleſſe pit of thine infinit pittie. O gratious Lord, thou gaueſt thine onelie ſonne our Ieſus to the death, euen to the death of the croſſe, by his bitter paſſion to purchaſe our redemption. As thou haſt giuen him: ſo good Lorde giue vs all thy benefites with him, that as thou haſt by him redeemed vs, ſo wee in him may bee ſuſtained, during this tranſitorie life, with fulneſſe of thy grace, till the day of his great viſitation, when meeting him in the cloudes, we ſhall bee

ſet

ſet on his right hande, to liue with him in fulneſſe of ioye for euer. Defend vs, O Lord, from extreame needines, and correct vs not in thine anger: but ſtore vs with ſufficient in thy mercie. Foode and raiment, good Lord wee aske no more. Giue vs and grant vs this our petition, and giue vs grace therewith to bee content, Amen.

A prayer againſt the feare of death.

THy handes haue framed me O lord. And whereas to the blemiſhe of all his poſteritie, father Adam made himſelfe thorough follie worſe than nothing, a curſſed

caitife, euen thine vtter enimie: it pleased thee of vnmerited goodnesse, to leaue the colledge of thy Saintes: the ninetie nine iust sheepe, the bande of thy blessed Aungels, to seeke the straying sheepe, the groat that lost that royall stampe of a pure nature, to the vtter disgracing of al his progeny.

Man, this loste sheepe, thou soughtest O Iesus, thou foundest sweete Iesus, by death thou foundest her, by bleeding paynes thou foundest her, by nailed handes and boared feete thou foundest her, by a sharpe and thornie crowne, which pearced thy glorious head, by sheading of thine owne bloud, by drinking of veneger in thine extreame

extreame thirſt, by ſuffering the moſt violent death of the croſſe thou foundeſt her: and ſo foundeſt thy loſt ſheepe, man, loſte man, ſinfull man, the childe of wrath O Ieſus.

O louing Ieſus and tender harted Samaritan, that of a ſicke haſt ſalued, of a ſore ſinner haſt ſaued him, of a wicked Creature waſhed him cleane in the ſtreame of thine ineſtimable mercie. O Ieſu, O gratious Ieſu, thou haſt ſought loſte man, and founde loſte man, by condemning ſinne, by breaking the bandes of the deuil, by conquering hell, ſinne, death and diuel in the fleſh.

Sith therefore thou haſt, O louing Ieſu, pitifull Ieſu, of thy mercie

mercie, ſhed thy bloud, not onlie for my firſte Father Adam, but alſo for mee, euen for the whole worlde, that as ſinne ouerran all men to condemnation by one man; ſo in thee all the nations of the worlde might bee bleſſed. And ſith thou haſt not onelie made a full purgation for my ſinnes, beeing the ſlaughtered Lambe that haſte taken awaye the ſinnes of the worlde: but alſo ſoong a conqueſt ouer ſinne, which hath loſt his ſting, death which was dead, and hel which had loſt the victorie, and the dragon which thou ouercammeſt in heauen, by preaching libertie to Captiues, and leading captiuitie captiue, there is no cauſe why

I ſhould faint and feare death.

Arme me therefore O Lord, with this faith, that thou haſt daſhed death in peeces with the rod of thy merits, and drowned the diuell in the riuers of thy pretious bloud, that no torment or biting paine of the fleſhe ſunder mee from thee moſt louing Ieſu: but imprint in my heart thy grace, that in greateſt anguiſhe I may bee ſo farre from the feare of it, as rather to crie with thy Saintes, Come Lord Ieſu, Come: and deſire to bee diſſolued with Paul, and to bee with thee my louing husband, than by anie panges of death to refuſe thee. O Lord doe thy good will, Amen.

Another.

Another.

OVR Father which art in heauen, thou art life; how ſhall I come vnto thee? there is no way, O Lorde, but thy ſelfe: no manne commeth vnto thee but by thee. There is no remedy but this veſſell of earth muſt bee broken, before I ſhall ſee thee face to face euen as thou art in fulneſſe of glorie. Duſt to duſte, aſhes to aſhes, claie to claye, earth muſte returne to earth, to pay this borrowed tabernacle, to earth whereof it came. Graſſe muſt wither, the flower muſt fade, the vapour vaniſh, I muſt bee diſſolued before I ſhall bee ioyned fullie to thee my heade and onelie vine, wherein I liue. Thy purſeuant ſicknes

ſickneſſe muſt viſit this bodie of ſinne, and death muſte rowe me ouer the ſeas of this worlde, vnto thee in the barke of faith, by the anchor of thy couenants made to the houſe of Dauid. O Lorde therefore giue me grace to welcome death, by which I muſt paſſe to life, that dying in thee I may bee bleſſed, and liue in the ſtorehouſe of thy ioyes for euer, Amen.

Another.

O Louing husbande, mine onelie Ieſus, ſleepe not, ſlumber not: but awake my ioye, awake my comfort, and loſe the bandes of my miſerie. Death, death O Lord, thou haſt nailed to the tree, by the pretious

ous passion, and drowned Satan the prince of darkenesse in the streamie floud of thy blessed bloud Sweete Iesus, louing Lord, and husband mine, locke vp the faith of this thy merit in my heart, and clippe mee in the sweete armes of thy woonted comfort. Kisse mee, kisse mee, pitious Iesu, pittie mee, and bee not angrie with mee. Diuorce me not O mercifull Iesus: but marrie mee in mercie, and call me in thy fauor to the mariage of grace, that being thine by the testimonie of thy spirite, I may sing with a brasen face: *Sinne where is thy sting? hel wher is thy victorie?* Mercie O Lord, mercie, loue, louing God, loue is thy name: mercie is my sute,

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O bottomleſſe pitie: thy loue I labor and crie for: Lord, Lord, Ieſus thou ſonne of Dauid haue mercie vpon mee, and ſpread foorth the banners of thy comfort, that I may knowe that I am thine, and knowing it, may neuer diſtruſt thine inestimable mercie, Amen.

Another in forme of a confeſſion.

IN thy name, O Lord, Amen. I acknowledge to the publiſhing of God his glorie, and the comfort of my ſoule, that I am God his owne child, that hee hath created me of nothing, redeemed me being loſt, & preſerued mee from

from the wombe till this time. *In* him haue *I* onelie truſted, & neuer ſhall be confounded. Beloued friendes in the Lorde, for your comfort and mine owne duetie, heare my confeſſion, which euery Chriſtian is bound to make. I acknowledge therefore in the face of God Almightie, before you all, that whether I liue or die, I am his. He hath ſuffered death to ſaue mee from death: hee was crowned with thornes to crowne me with glorie: hee was bored and nailed to the tree, to naile and to crucifie the ſinnes of the whole world. He was content to bee pearced and goared with a ſpeare, yea ſo pearſed, that the bloud guſhed out, and for

for nothing elſe but to waſhe me cleane from the ſore of ſin, in the ſtreames of his mercie. For this with one conſent let vs crie, Our ſoules doe magnifie the Lord, and our ſpirits reioyce in God our Sauiour. Secondlie *I* confeſſe, that though Chriſte in his pretious bloud hath clenſed mee from the filth of ſinne, that notwithſtanding *I* doe nothing in this preſent life, but heape ſinne vppon ſin, and hourde vp treſpaſſe vpon treſpaſſe, ſo that this daye is worſe alwayes than yeſterday, by increaſing as dayes, ſo ſins: and therefore the indignation of God againſt mee. But yet thoſe of hell ſhall not be able to preuaile againſt mee. For there

is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Iesus my Sauiour. Thirdlie I confesse that as my life is sinfull, so it is shorte; like a smoke, like a shaddowe, like a warrefare, like a flower that fadeth, grasse that withereth, a word that soone passeth, it is like a bubble in the water, a weauers shuttle: it is a span long and no moe. Againe, it is not onelie short but also miserable. For it is an exile, a vale of miserie, it is a wilderneſſe, it is stuffed with sorrowes, a cage of enemies, a sea of miseries, a dungeon of gronings and greeuous sobbings: it is a storme, a tempest that wonderfullie troubleth the people of our heauenlie father: beleeue me, it is

no

no better than a womans trauell and that is extreamelie miserable: and therefore, as not onelie short, but also wretched, I am willing to forsake it. Yea death, welcome death-sicknes, sicknes of all messengers welcome art thou. Adue vile life, farewell life, sinnefull life adue, and welcome death the pursuant of my louing Sauiour: for by thee my miserie shall ende. From warre to peace, from this stormie worlde into the calme countrie of heauen: from gronings and sobbings, from this vale of sighings, to the pallace of ioy: from earth to heauen, from sinfull men & wild beastes to beloued friendes, by death I shall passe to life, to haue the com-

companie of holie Patriarkes, and bleſſed Saintes, to haue the ſight of the glorious Trinitye, to haue and inherit ſuch ioye, as neither eye hath ſeene, nor eare heard, nor heart euer conceiued. By death *I* ſhall haue libertie without impriſonment, health without ſickneſſe, ioye without ſorrow, pleaſure without paine, in ſuch ſecuritie, eternitie and perpetuitie as paſſeth all thoughtes. The holie ones of GOD my father, the bleſſed Aungels and Archangels they haue attayned it, but neuer canne they ſufficientlie eſteeme of it. So that O death, thou arte welcome: welcome ſicknes: for my Lord *I*eſus hath nowe ſent thee to fetch me from this

this priſon to his palace, from a ſtrange country to my home, from this place of teares and mourning to the day of marriage, ſweete Ieſus to marry thee in thy mercies for euer. Heare deerely beloued, heare and reioyce with me. Sicknes is come, death is in comming as a purſeuant from my louing Ieſus, to cite me to appeare before him, that he may appoint me a manſion in his fathers houſe, to ſit with him at the table of ioy for euer. O the great ioy and onelie ioy of a Chriſtian: Nowe *I* ſhall lye no more in this priſon: Nowe *I* ſhall haue Paules wiſh: for *I* ſhall bee deliuered from this bodie of ſinne: now ſhall *I* depart in peace with Simeon

meon to haue that peace that paſſeth all vnderſtanding, and ſurmounteth all thought. Now now ſhall I ſee the amiable tabernacles of my Lorde: nowe ſhall I enter the courtes of my God, where one day is better than a thouſande elſe-where: now ſhall I be a doorekeeper in the houſe of my heauenlie father, now ſhall I appeare before the preſence of God, now dooth his kingdome come, now Lord Ieſus, now thou commeſt to carrie my ſoule into ioy: *Into thy hands therefore I commit my ſpirit.* Beloued brethren this is my teſtament, which I leaue vnto you, it offereth great ioye, and no matter of Teares. Shead therefore no

teares

teares, for better is the daye of death than the day of birth. *I* entered my life with a crie, it coſte my mother paine and teares to beare mee, but yet it coſt my louing Ieſus his bloud to ſaue mee, you, and all the world. Enuie not therefore my luckines, that now *I* ſhall paſſe from you out of this vale of teares, vnto him who died that I with him might liue in ioye for euer.

If you will mourne, mourne for your owne ſinnes, mourne for your ſelues, that you ſhall not ſo ſoone ſup with God my father as I ſhall doe: & mourne not for mee, for you ſhall ſhortly follow me, and loſe mee but for a time, when you ſhall ſee

in heauen for euer. For blessed are the dead that die in ỹ Lord, whose name for euer bee glorified, Amen.

A prayer for the rich man.

THou art the welspring of all good thinges, O louing Lorde: thou art the riche storehouse and cheste of mercie for all naked Adamites. O loue inestimable; Wee are borne into this vale of miserie, not onelie wicked in soule, but euen also naked in bodie: a deserued entraunce for vs by father Adam, through desire of souereigntie: but an vndeserued thing it is, O good GOD, that

that notwithſtanding our merited pouertie and deſerued nakedneſſe, by rebellion againſt thy Maieſtie, thou ſhouldeſt thus cloath mee with thy benefites: with plentie againſt penurie, with friendſhip againſt enimitie, with health againſt ſickeneſſe, with ſtore againſt needineſſe. This O Lord, is an vnmerited benefite, for the which after my bounden duty, *I* giue thee harty thankes. But what ſhall I ſay? what ſufficient thankes ſhall *I* render vnto thee? for thou haſt not onelie armed mee againſte pouertie: but alſo choſen mee as a ſtewarde to vnlocke the cheſt of thy benefites to needie Lazarus, that as thou haſt loued me, ſo

I ſhould tender thee in them. O Lorde giue me thy grace, that I may bee thy ſtewarde, by cloathing the naked, by feeding the hungrie, lodging the harbourleſſe, and defending the fatherleſſe: that I may be able to render a faithfull accoumpt of my ſtewardſhippe vnto thee in the daie of reuelation. Graunt this O father, for Chriſt his ſake, Amen.

Another.

O Father of Heauen, and rich GOD of mercie. Beholde thy poore creature, in ſin riche, in grace poore: beſtowe vppon mee ſome mite of thy mercie, cloath mee with the merits of thy ſonne Ieſus, and bathe my naked bodie in his pretious

pretious bloud: satisfie my hungrie ſoule with a crumme of thy gracious bleſſinges, that beeing cloathed with the armour of his meritorious paſſion, I neede not to feare the naked, the deſperate corruption, or rather wages of nature. Moiſten my hearte with the honny dew of thy great & rich grace; that as thou haſt enriched mee beyond my deſart, beeing by ſinne an enemie vnto thee: ſo I may continue riche in good workes, to the profite of my neighbours, to the comfort of mine owne ſoule, and to the manifeſtation of thy glorious maieſtie. O Lord, thou art a zealous God, ſuch a GOD as wiſheſt my healthe, and the

safetie of thy Crearures, haue therefore mercie vppon mee, blesse me with faith towardes thee, with loue towardes my neighbour, and a godlie care towardes my selfe, that thou in thy selfe maiest bee magnified, & my conscience reioice in the testimonie of a good life, whose rewarde in thy sonne Christ is life eternall, Amen.

The beggers praier.

O Mighty Lorde, and prouident GOD, the Stewardes of thy plentious store house are not mooued to feede the hungrie, to cloath the naked, and lodge the poore Pylgrime at his piteous crye, but not-

notwithſtanding all this their tyrannie, Father forgiue them, and pardon mee, as *I* forgiue them that haue treſpaſſed againſt me. Rake the fire of charitie out of the dead aſhes, and quicken it O Lord, that *I* may warme mee in thy familie, in time of extremitie: and they be readie in thy great audit to render a full account of their ſtewardſhippe vnto thee. But firſt of all doe *I* begge grace of thee, that I may euer ſeeke thy kingdome, and ſo bee perſuaded in hart by thy word, that *I* ſhall want nothing, but that all other things ſhall be added vnto me. This doe *I* aske of thee, O father of Heauen, that euer crieſt, Aske & haue. Giue mee

faith to aske in certaintie, that I may looke without doubt for this thy craued mercie, ô Lorde I beſeech thee, Amen.

Another.

HAue mercie vpon mee: O Lorde, and pardon mine offenſes, the riche men of this worlde will ſcarſe looke vppon me, or vouchſafe to relieue my neceſſitie with the crummes of their ouer-ſtreaming tables. But yet O Lorde, I beſeeche thee forgiue them, and denie mee not the crums of thy grace: but looke vppon mee with the pitious eie of thy louing countenance. Aſſiſt mee ſo ô Lorde, with thy holy ſpirit, that being alwayes content with my calling, I may ſeeke to ſerue thee

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in holineſſe and pureneſſe of liuing without feare all the dayes of my life. Beate mee with pouertie, beate me O Lord, ſtrike, wound, doe thy good will, ô louing God: ſo thou ſaue mee of thy mercie, wherein lyeth al the ioye of my ſoule. Giue mee thy grace, neuer to miſdoubte thy prouidence, that neuer doubting of thy fatherlie care, I may with a gladſome heart endure the end of my warrefare. Giue me a contented minde, let thy will be my will, and my will alwayes anſwerable to thy will, that I neuer offende thee, but doe my duetie in louing thee, & wiſhing well to all the world, Amen.

The widowes prayer.

O LORD, I thanke thee that thou haſt ſcourged mee with the death of mine husband. Hee was bone of my bones, and fleſhe of my fleſh: hee by the couenant of matrimonie was made one bodie with me: thou gaueſt him vnto mee, and thou haſte taken him from mee: bleſſed bee thy name for euer. The bandes of death haue ſundred mee from him; but I hope O Lorde, by the power of thy holie ſpirite, that nothing ſhall bee able to ſeparate mee from thee mine onelie Ieſus, the onely ioye of my ſoule, put the axe of thy mer-

mercie to the roote of wanton nature, and cut it off: that I do not marrie the vanitie of this wicked worlde, but put vppon mee the garmente of innocencie, and tye about my heart the iewell of faith, that *I* may onely marrie thee in the couenant of thy heauenly Father, louing Ieſus, and haue nothing to doo with the adulterer the Dyuell, the father of deadly fornication. This is the onely bed of ioy wherein I will ſleep O Lord, & the only arke of comfort, where in I will ſaile, till I ſhall ſee thee face to face. *To* whome bee praiſe and honor both now and euer, Amen.

The

The Tenants praier.

I Thanke thee, O father of heauen, that thou haſt made me after thine owne image. Thou mightſt haue made mee a frog, a worme, a tree, but thou haſt not done it, O Lorde? And what was the cauſe? ſurely not my merit, for *I* was not before thou madeſt me: it was thy mercy, good Lord, the true mother of all mankinde. Thou haſt not made me a king, a ruler, a lord: no Lord, but I thanke thee for it, thou haſt made mee a tenãt of men, but yet in thee, that euer I might acknowledge thee in them my chiefe Lord in heauen

uen. Giue me grace O Lord, to be thankefull for this thy wil, & dutifullie to walke in my vocation, and giue mee thy grace, that as *I* am a Tenant to man, ſo I may alwayes bee a tenant to thee, to doo thee ſeruice, to paye thee yeerelie my hourely rent, which is a thankefull heart for all thy benefites. If man woulde haue me to doe wrong againſt right, Lorde giue mee of thy grace to conſider, that better it is to bee thy Tennant than mans. If the deuill and the worlde entiſing mee to walke wantonly ſeeke my deſtruction: giue mee grace, O God, to conſider that all thinges are ſubiect to thine vniuerſall power: and ſhall not they obey? howe then

then can they or dare they aſſault me to hurt mee, faſtening the ancher of my faith vpon ſo ſure and firme a rocke: if the fleſhe make warre againſt the ſpirit, to make mee ſeruiceable to ſinne, miniſter ſtrength vnto mee O Lorde, that beeing thy tenant and a childe of thy familie, I may winne the fielde, and fighting valiauntlye, may bee crowned eternallie with thy ſonne Ieſus my bleſſed Sauior, Amen.

The fatherleſſe childes praier.

O Lorde, ſo narrow is the mouth of charitie, ſo conſumed is the fyre-brand

braud of Chriſtian loue, that although the foxes haue their holes, & birdes their neaſtes, yet haue wee no place to reſte our heads on. As Pilgrimes wee wander from place to place, and are driuen with the windes of pinching pouertie vpon the ſeas of this worlde to ſeeke reliefe: but alas and woe to the world for it. The rich man deuoureth all ſuperfluitie, or elſe hourdeth vppe to fill his Garners niggardlie: ſo that Lazarus may not onely walke amid the ſtreetes naked, but alſo lie begging at the gates full ſore, and yet goe without the crums which fall from the Table, to eaſe the tune of his neceſſitie. O Lord therefore doe I flie vnto thee

thee: haue thou mercie vpon me, for it is onely thou which filleſt with thy bleſſing euerie liuing thing. I am better than a farthing ſparrowe O Lorde: thou knoweſt it and *I* acknowledge it to my comfort. Feede my ſoule with the fleſhe of thy ſonne, and let me drinke of his bloud, that ſeeking firſte thy kingdome, I may in the end be crowned with glorie, and ſit at the table of ioy in heauen with thee. O Lorde graunt this, I beſeech thee,

Amen.

A Sword againſt the *feare of death*

Wherein is liuelie declared, *with what weapons a Chriſtian ſouldiour ſhould fight* to hold and keepe his owne: made by the ſaide E.H.

The firſt weapon.

Conſider thy ſelfe.

MAN dooth conſiſt of two partes, an earthlie bodie, and ſoule ſpirituall. Thy bodie what is it? It is a caſe of thy ſoule, ſuch a caſe as is a priſon

ſon, and therefore Dauid deſirous of life eternall, and the ſight of his maſter Chriſt, cried out: Oh, how long ſhall I lie in this priſon? Yea this caſe of the ſoule is ſuch a cage of filth, as a man of God hath ſaid, that no Bocardo, no dungeon, no ſinke, no puddle, no pitte is in any reſpect ſo euill a priſon for this bodie, as the bodie is of the ſoule. For it is ſuch a caſe, as ſtinketh in the ſight of God, a bodie of ſinne is this cage of the ſoule, and therefore cried Paule out, oh wretch that *I* am: who ſhall deliuer me from this bodie of ſinne?

Beholde deere Chriſtians, ſuch an heauie burden was the bodie to the ſoule, that Paule was

was willing to giue this worlde a farewell, & with father Simeon hee wished that hee might depart in peace. Oh that wee had this courage of Paule! or were as godlie wise as Dauid, to locke that vppe in the closet of our heartes, which they had fullie digested. For then wee shoulde haue a wished famine of mourning Christians, or rather vnchristian Painims, who do weepe and waile for the dissolution of this earthy and fraile tabernacle, which Dauid lõged for, and Paule with father Simeon desired.

Dauid the father of the faithfull and mouth of the holie spirit, hee wss a man after GOD, his owne hart, whom God had

spiced

spiced with grace, and made of his mercie a vessell of honor. Hee was a piller of mother Sion, hee liued in the childhood of the Church, when the cloude of the lawe did yet ouershaddowe the appearaunce of the sunne in fulnesse of comfort. He desired to see the day but could not see it, which is nowe past, wherein the sonne of God hath opened fully the storehouse of ioy: and yet beeing wearie of the burthen of his bodye, and willing to forsake it as a most stinking prison house, without feare of death he cryeth out, Oh howe long shall I lie in this prison?

Paule ioyneth hands with father Dauid, euen Paule, that notable

notable Organne of the holye Ghoſt, who ſaide of himſelfe: It is not I that liue, but Chriſt that liueth in mee. Hee that in body ſaw the Lord, and knew that as a vapour his life ſhoulde vaniſh, and ſo he in a ſmal ſpace ſhoulde ſuppe with his mayſter Chriſt in heauen, after his aſcenſion: yet carrying about himſelfe this caſe of the ſoule, accounteth himſelfe wretched, and therefore cryeth out: Oh wretch that I am? who ſhal deliuer mee from this body of ſin? As if hee ſhoulde haue ſaide, *I* knowe that the time will come when men will fainte in faith. and broch infidelitie: when this lyfe ſhall bee more loued than wiſely lothed, and this bo-

dy

die more esteemed than godlinesse will suffer. I knowe foolish parentes will bee so bewitched with the immoderate loue of their Children, that they will grudge at the will of God, when hee calleth them, and sorrowe and sighe a long time after their departures, which is both sinne and follie. But I tell them that they ought to reioise, because they are rested from their laboures, because they are passed from Death to life, because they are blessed. For wretch, Oh wretch that I am! who shall deliuer mee out of this body of sinne?

The bodie which you haue lost, is but a bodie of sinne, it is but a prison of the soule, as father

ther Dauid ſpeaketh, it is but a burthen of the ſoule: ſo that by death they are deliuered from ſinne to ſafetie, from impriſonment to libertie, from a yoke of miſerie to endles felicitie: and therefore, oh wretch that I am, who ſhall deliuer me from this bodie of ſinne? Paule in deede knewe that this world was an exile, and Heauen his countrey, that he was a pilgrim, this world but an Inne, and heauen his home; nay at a ſight of his owne Countrey when hee was wrapt, hee ſaw at his owne home, whence by ſin hee was baniſhed in Adam, ſuch ioyes as eie neuer ſawe, nor eare heard, nor heart euer conceiued. Theſe are the ioyes which

ſhall

ſhall endure for euer, for number vnmeaſurable, for durance perpetuall, and without end or period. And therefore let euerie Chriſtian be readie and willing, in ioy of ſpirit to welcome death, and in token thereof learne to crie out with Paule: Oh wretch that I am, who ſhall deliuer mee from this bodie of ſinne?

Let vs account our ſelues wretched, as long as wee carrie this weede of earth aboute vs, vntill our ſoules bee vncaſed, and wee deliuered from this bodie of ſinne. But if examples will not bee of force to ſchoole vs, yet let nature ſpeake and preuaile. The ſeconde cauſes whereof you are made, are the

foure

foure elements, which concur to the conſtitution of euerie mixt creature, and being euer at combat, doe alſo naturallie worke the ſhipwracke of the ſame, according to the common axiome & rule of nature. The cauſes of corruption are all one with the cauſes of generation; and therefore vnleſſe we wil denie nature, and be vnthankfull to God for our creation, wee may not in any caſe feare death, which is mothered vpon nature our common and generall mother. But if neither example nor Nature will or can preuaile, yet let the authoritie of our Heauenlie Creature, and his wiſedome compell vs to welcome death

and to accept willinglie the condition of our bodies.

Our bodies and ſoules God created, hee made them by the power of his almightie hande, and hath lente them vnto vs but for a time to vſe, till mother earth require the bodie, and he our ſoules. For, as of earth wee came, ſo into earth wee muſt returne againe: and therefore vnles we will bee vnthankfull to nature, and rebellious to God, wee muſt bee willing to paie our debts vnto him, leaſt if we doe it not, hee caſt vs into priſon, till we haue paid the vttermoſt farthing. So much for thy bodie.

Now conſider thy ſoule. As thy bodie is a priſon, ſo is thy ſoule

ſoule during this pilgrimage a priſoner; as it is a body of ſin, ſo is thy ſoule lodged in a moſt ſtinking priſon: as it is of earth earthy: ſo is thy ſoule an exile from heauen, heauenlie: & therfore to feare death, it is to feare the deliuerie of thy ſoule from priſon, which is meere follie: it is to wiſh a ſtinking lodging and a filthie cage to dwell in, and euer to carrie it about thee, which is a verie harde and extreame miſerie: it is to wiſh thy continuall baniſhmente from the ioyefull realme of heauen, thy naturall countrey, which is extreame madneſſe. So that vnleſſe you wil be counted fooliſh, wretched, careleſſe, and mad, who are willed to bee as wiſe as

ſerpentes, you muſt in no cale feare death, which is the beſt gheſt that euer came to the godlie. For nowe there is no condemnation to them that are in Chriſt Ieſus, but bleſſed are the dead that die in the Lord.

The Seconde weapon: Conſider thy life.

IT is ſhorte, vncertaine, and miſerable. It is ſhort: for man that is borne of a woman hath but a ſhorte time to liue: the dayes of man are the dayes of an hyrelinge, yea winde, and nothing: as father Iob telleth vs. A man in his time is but graſſe, and flouriſheth as a flower of the fielde.

For

For as ſoone as the wind goeth ouer it, it is gone, and the place thereof knoweth it no more: as the Prophet Dauid teacheth.

There is a time to be borne, and a time to die. And man is like a thing of naught, his daies paſſe away like a ſhaddowe. It is the Proclamation of the Lorde, vttered by Eſay, that all fleſh is graſſe, and all the glorie of man as the flower of graſſe. And it is tolde vs by Paule, that heere wee haue no continuing Cyttie, but wee ſeeke for one to come. This is it which is ſhaddowed vnto vs in ſundrie ſimilitudes. Saynt *I*ames ſayeth: Our life is euen a vapour that appeereth for a little time, and then vaniſheth awaie. Our

dayes on the earth alſo are but as a ſhadowe, and there is none abiding. They are like a bubble in the water, like a weauers ſhuttle, like a ſmoke, they are like a thought, ſoone conceiued, and ſoone ended. Dailie experience doeth teach vs thus much. For wee ſee, that by ſome ſtorme or other, the greene apple falleth before the mellowed fruite, the lambe is brought to the ſlaughterhouſe as well as the ſheepe, the chicken is killed for the broath as wel and ſooner than the cocke: yoong men paſſe awaie as well as old, our daies are ſhort, our life is as the ſhadow.

Nowe therefore reaſon with me. Shal we feare death for the

loſſe

losse of a shadow? shall wee by sighs and sobs storme against the Lorde for the losse of a vapour? nay, shall wee not rather be glad to forgoe the shadowe, and by death desire to be knit more fully to our bodie Iesus, whereof wee are members in faith, and hope? O ye of little faith, crie vnto the God of heauen: Lord increase our faith. Be content to leaue this vaporous life, and welcome death, and cry in a full beliefe, Come Lord Iesu, come, shorten these latter daies for thine elect sake and saue vs. Saue vs, O Lord saue vs, haue mercie vpon vs, and helpe vs, helpe Lorde, and by a blessed death cite vs to appeare before thee. For one

day in thy court, is better than a thouſand elſewhere, Amen.

Secondlie, conſider that thy life is vncerteine. For death is like a theefe that commeth at vncertaine houres, he is like a thundercracke, that ſoundeth on a ſudden: yea, this life is ſo vncerteine, that death may aske his due in the ſwathecloth, and none be able to reſiſt him. Hee is alwayes a prince, hee ruleth not only in the harueſt, but alſo in the ſpring time and ſummer. Yoong men and babes, olde men and maides, greene and ripe, all are one: death excepteth no perſons, hee neuer regardeth our yeares, but with his ſharpe ſithe on a ſudden hee cutteth all downe. So ẏ our life

is

is like a ruinous houſe, alwayes readie to fall: like a thin thred, alwayes readie to rotte: like a running cloude, whereof we are vncertaine, where and when it falleth. This cloud ſometimes melteth in the cradle, ſomtimes in the chaire. Death is like the ſunne; whenſoeuer it ſhineth, it melteth our cloudie life, bee the cloude thereof neuer ſo thin or thicke in yeeres.

Our life nowe being as vncertaine as the weathercocke, which turneth at euery blaſt: or like the waue, which mounteth at euery ſtorme: or like the reede which boweth at euery whiſteling winde: whie ſhould wee loue it, and not rather loathe it, in compariſon of

the euerduring life of the heauenly citizens, wherevnto by death wee passe in mercie. Oh that all Christians woulde ingraue in their hartes, the wauering dayes of this vncertaine life, and consider and looke for in a full faith, the certaintie of that ioyfull life, whereunto death doeth bring vs; For then woulde wee, that saile as pilgrimes on the waters of this world, and are tossed dangerously by diuers pirates, the flesh, sinne, and the diuell, desire, & with hartie prayer craue of the Lorde, that in the barke of a liuely faith, by his mariner death, he would carrie vs to the certeine and blessed life of his saintes.

If

If wee were thus godly wise to consider the vncertaintie of this momentanie life: or so happie, as to ponder the eternall felicitie of Ierusalem, and restfull Canaan, we woulde rather ioy and bee merrie, when sickness and death shall visit vs, than mourne and sorrowe for it. For they are the Lordes ambassadours, which are sente to bring vs tidinges that dynner and supper is readie, and the banket of glorie to bee mynistred: and that wee must come without tarryeng to marrye him, and to enioie him face to face euen as hee is: and therefore with willing minde to paie our debted bodyes to mother earth whereof wee borrowed them:

them: and to him our soules, that hee may marrie them in the couenant of his Eternall mercies.

We are borne into this world naked, our heritage is sinne and myserie, our life is labour and sorrowe, wee our selues are but tenantes vnder mother earth, concerning our bodyes: and vnder GOD, concerning our soules: which God our God of ioy and Father of comfort, by his owne sonne, hath bought vs an inheritance immortall, and vndefiled for euer, vnto the which by sicknes & death, as the messengers of his will, hee calleth vs.

Is all this so? and shall wee feare death? no: for shame let

vs

vs bid adieu to this ſhorte and vncertayne lyfe, and receyue death in ioy of ſpirite, as an accompliſhment of the obligation of his couenant, wherewith he bound himſelfe of his meere mercie, beyond any merite of ours, that wee ſhoulde neuer ſee death, but haue euerlaſting life.

Vnleſſe therefore you will mourne againſt death, becauſe by it you paſſe from an vncertaine, to a certaine life: from theſe ſorrowing and wauering daies, to an euerlaſting and incorruptible inheritaunce, and ſo ſhewe your ſelues rather willing to haue the fleſhepots in Aegypt for euer, than to paſſe to heauen, and to eate of comfortable

fortable manna, not in the wilderneſſe, but in new Ieruſalem: ſee that yee feare not death, but loue it, and welcome it, whenſoeuer the Lord wil ſend it vnto you.

Thirdlie, conſider thy life is miſerable. It is not onely ſhort, but alſo miſerable: yea, I may well tearme it a kingdome of miſerie. Newe borne babes doe what they can, to perſuade vs of the truth of this matter. For they beginne not this life with ſmiling countenance, but with weeping eyes. By their crie what elſe doeth nature ſing or ſignifie vnto vs, but that thorough our ſinnes, our life is become a continuall warfare, and the worlde our enimie, euen a vale

vale of miſerie, beſette with thornes to pricke vs on euery ſide.

Righteous Abell founde in his life time a thorne of his own bloud to trouble and moleſt him euen Caine his owne brother to bathe his blade in his bloud, and villanouſly to murther him. Iohn Baptiſt, the bright daye-ſtar, and forerunner of Chriſt, the ſonne of righteouſneſſe, he found a thornie Herode to be-head him: and holie Stephan ſtonie Iewes to diſpatch him Yea, what is this life but a ſar-dle of miſerie, wherein Chriſt our bleſſed ſauiour taſted of no-thing,, but of the ſowre grape of perſecution? For, no ſooner was this lambe of God come into

into the world: but Herod, by the decree of his helliſhe conuocation, was readie to deuour him: this was a miſerie to mother Marie. And maruelouſlie doeth it paint out the miſerie of this life, that the hony babe Ieſus, the very lambe of God and light of this world is ſo well comen into the world, which intended miſchiefe,

And where hee by the prouidence of his heauenlie father, eſcaped the ſnare of the rauenous fowler, yet for his ſake doe the children and ſucklings of Bethleem and the coaſtes thereof, as many as were two yeeres olde and vnder, preache vnto vs the miſerie of this our life. The voice that was heard

in

in Ramah, mourning, weping, and great lamentation. Rachel weeping for her children, without all comfort, because they were not, teacheth vs, and crieth out vpon the miserable life of man.

If all careles epicures would aske the iudgement of Father Iob in this case, hee would expounde the mysticall cries of tender sucklinges, that man which is borne of a woman, hath not onelie a shorte time to liue, bnt also a miserable life to leade: that his life is a warfare, continuall labour and sorrow. This iudgement of Iob, without all doubte was rooted in him and his brother Ieremie. And therefore it came, without

queſtion, that they did curſſe, not onelie the daie of birth, but alſo him that brought the meſſage to their father, that a child was borne. They had fullie conſidered the degrees of their miſerie. Their birth place was but a foule and filthie dungeon, they themſelues were but a ſubſtance of bloud and inſtruments of their mothers; their nouriſhment little better than venom, & their birth not without extreme paines of the deere mother, and violent offenſe of their tender bodies.

They knewe throughlie that they were conceiued in filth and vncleannes, borne in ſinne and care, and nouriſhed with paine and labour. They did know

know themſelues to haue beene like cralling wormes, and that at their entrie into this worlde they were apparelled with bloud. And therefore conſidering their miſerable condition they curſed ẏday of their wretched birth.

Yea, this made Father Ieremie to wiſh, that his mothers wombe hadde ſerued for his tumbe: and father Eſaie to bewaile his birth, and to murmur againſte the knees that helde him vppe, and alſo the breaſtes that gaue him ſucke. They had fully conceiued, that man was made of the ſlime of the earth, conceiued in ſinne, borne in paine, and at the laſte made a prey for wormes. This miſerie of

of mans life had they fullie digeſted, and therefore wiſhed to haue died before they were borne.

Come hither nowe, beloued Chriſtians: wee are manie an ace ſhort of Iob, Ieremie, or Eſay, in life and in iudgement. One, after a through ſifting of this miſerable life, wiſhed that his mothers wombe had beene his tumbe: another murmured at the paps that gaue him ſucke: the thirde curſed the daie of his birth: and not onely that, but him alſo that firſte declared it. Did they ſo lyttle ſette by this myſerable life, as to curſſe it: and ſo little loue the pappes that noriſhed them, as to murmur againſt them: yea, the verie

rie knees that helde them vp, and by reaſon of this wretched pilgrimage, to bee ſo wearie of this life, as to wiſhe they had beene buryed in their mothers wombe? and ſhall wee feare death?

They wiſhed they had neuer liued: and ſhall wee, for feare of Death, wiſh euer, or a long time to liue? they curſed the daie of their birth, who were holie men: and ſhall we weepe for the daie of death, the verie ende of their wiſhe? did they murmur againſt the paps that gaue them ſucke, and ſhall not we welcome death, when the Lorde ſendeth him? nay they murmured euen againſte the knees that did beare them vp: and

and ſhall not we bee willing to ſurrender heade, feete, handes, heart, knees, and all, to mother earth, and to ſalute death in ioy of ſpirit?

Fie for ſhame! ond out vpon vs! if wee doe not willinglie and merrilie wiſhe, and crye: Thy kingdome come, ô father of heauen! Come Lorde Ieſus, come. Let vs denie the olde man, and cheriſh our hope that wee haue in the full merites of Chriſt: that when the Lorde ſhall call, wee may come vnto him, without anye rebellion. And as for death, account of it but as a moſte bleſſed ende or period of this wretched life, and an axe that cutteth off all miſeries; and therefore feare it not.

The

The thirde weapon:

Consider the commodities of death.

WE are toſſed & turmoiled vppon the ſeas of this world, with manie a dangerous tempeſt: euen till wee be wearie, or at leaſt ſhould be with holie Paule, of our ſhort, vncerteine, and miſerable liues: and then doeth the Lorde, euen of mercie, call vs to reſte and ioy with his Saintes in heauen: that reſting from our labours, wee may continuallie praiſe him with the band of his holie Angels.

By death hee deliuereth vs from danger, and therefore to

arme vs againſt the feare thereof, it pleaſed the holie ſpirit to call death a ſleepe; by the which being diſpatched of all aduerſities, wee are brought to our graues, therein to lie, as it were in a ſoft featherbed, and in a ſweete ſleepe, abiding the comming of Chriſt our Lord, when hee ſhall knocke at the bedde and call vs vppe, to liue for euer with him, and his holie Aungels.

Death therfore doth not ſwalow vp our bodies. though for a time they muſt lie in the bellie of mother earth. For death is a ſleepe, and is vnpoſſible as it is, that a whole man being in a ſound ſleepe, ſhould not wake vp againe, euen ſo vnpoſſible

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is it, that a Christian shoulde continue in Death for euer And as for this sleepe, it is but a short sleepe : for the daye is at hand, and the time of iudgement draweth neere, when dead bodies shall arise, and the earth shall render them vp, that be in her, that meeting and appearing together, with our beloued friendes, and set vpon the right hand of his blessing, wee may as liuelie members bee fully knit in our bodie Christ Iesus.

So that death is but a sleepe, and a shorte sleepe, out of the which, we, and all our brethren sisters, and friendes, that are departed in the Lorde, shall rise more fresh than euer wee were,

to leaue this fraile and earthlie bodie, and to haue it made like to the glorious bodie of Ieſus Chriſt.

Aud who now would feare death? or who ſhould grudge at the Lorde for caſting vs aſleepe? Death is a ſleepe, the earth is the Chriſtian mannes featherbed where hee muſt lie, till the trumpet ſhall ſounde to awake him and call him vnto iudgement. Who will murmur againſt this neceſsitie? or rather againſt this mercie? for mercie it is, that wee die but for a time, or rather ſleepe for a time: where of merit we ſhould die for euer.

And therefore vnles by your gronings and ſighings you will ex-

exclame againſt the mercie of the Lord by the which you are ſaued, doe not feare Dearh, or murmur againſt him; but bleſſe him with father Iob, and thank him hartily that hee hath granted thee thy daielye petition, wherin thou praieſt, ſaying: Our Father which art in heauen, thy will bee doone, deliuer vs from euill.

For, as for the firſt, his will is doone, whenſoeuer any man dyeth. The verie farthing ſparrowe can not fall without his prouidence: the haires of our head can not periſh, without his will: much leſſe dyeth anie man without his will, who far ſurpaſſeth all farthinge Sparrowes. So that to wiſh them

aliue that are departed in peace it is to wiſhe, that God his will were not doone: and what is that, but to wiſhe that GOD were no God? For if God bee God, his will is iuſt, and muſte needs be done.

But as for many, they will acknowledge that the will of God is doone: againe, that his will was iuſt in calling for their children, whome hee had but lent them for a time: and yet will carrie a biting ſorrowe in their hearts, and ſo wi'l they go neere to bringe death vppon themſelues. But to ſuch mourning mothers I ſaie, Why doo you mourne? this life is a warfare, death is a ſleepe. Why do you mourne? this life is ſhort,

by

by condition, and full of myſteries: by death they are bleſſed, and reſt from their labors.

Why doe you mourne? this life is a vapour: by death, for a vapour, they poſſeſſe an heauenlie and euerduring inheritance. Why doe you mourne? doe you not thinke that heauen is better than earth: that the company of Angels, archangels, Patriarkes, Prophetes, Apoſtles, Martyrs, Confeſſors, Virgines, and the holy ones of God, is better than the fellowſhip of men, and the companie of beaſtes.

Doo you not beleeue, that ioye is better than ſorrowe? that life eternall is better than this ſhort, vaine, and vile life?

that it is better to ſee God face to face, and to follow the lambe Ieſus in heauen, in fulneſſe of ioy to poſſeſſe him at his Heauenlie table to banket with father Abraham, Iſaac, & Iacob, than to dwell with you? all our fare in this worlde is dung in reſpect of the heauenly meate, which Chriſt doeth ſet before them that are paſſed by death to life: and whie then doe you mourne?

Mourne not for them, for they are happie: happie and thriſe happy are they. But as I ſay, mourne for your ſelues that bee not ſo luckie as they; to be taken from this vale of myſerie to the ſtorehouſe of felicitie, as they are. For by deathe they

they are not dead, but by death they are paſſed to life, to ſuch a life as paſſeth all vnderſtanding, the ioyes whereof do ſurmount the conceipt & thought not onely of man, but alſo Angels and Archangels.

But miſerable are you, which doe yet carrie about you this earthie Tabernacle: yea euen in this one thing you are miſerable vnleſſe you repent, that you mourne for the deathe of your friendes or children. For in that you denie the will of God to bee iuſt, for that hee hath made man of earth, earthy and mortal.

Mourne for this your vnbeleefe, mourne for this your ſin, weepe for the ſinnes of your

youth, for your secret sinnes: and desire God to wipe and to wash our soule from all infection of sinne, that being prepared by death to follow your friendes and children, you may with willing heartes in a liuelie faith, giue a farewell vnto this worlde, and be readie to marrie Christ Iesus in glorie:

to whome bee all glorie, Amen.

A battel betweene the *Diuel and the Con-* science.

Wherein a'l true Christians are taught how to oppose and set themselues against the assaults of their Archaduersarie Satan, made in forme of a dialog, by the saide E. H.

Satan. THou art a sinner, and therefore the childe of wrath.

Conscience. I am a sinner Satan: I confesse it, that in mee, that is in my flesh, k. 5. dwel-

dwelleth no good thing, which may mooue my Lorde to take pitie vpon me: but yet I denie thy conſequent. For though I bee a ſinner, yet ſhall not my ſinnes preuaile againſt mee. For behold, (ſaith Iohn,) the lambe of God hath taken awaye the ſinnes of the worlde, hee hath condemned ſinne in the fleſh, ſo that now there is no condēnation to them that are in Chriſt *Ieſus*.

Satan. I graunt that there is no condemnation to them that are in Chriſt, but ſuch are in Chriſt, which walke not after the fleſh as thou doeſt, continuallie hourding vp treſpaſſe vpon treſpaſſe againſt the day of iudgement.

Con-

Conſcience Thou lieſt Satan. I walke not after the fleſh, but with *Paule* I will the thing that is good, though I bee not able to performe it, by reaſon of that combat which is betweene the fleſh and the ſpirit. *Indeed* at the leaſt *I* ſinne ſeuen times a daie: but notwithſtanding, auoide Satan: for *Iohn* telleth mee, that if anie manne ſinne, wee haue an aduocate, with the Father, Ieſus Chriſte the righteous, and hee is the propitiation for the ſinnes of the world.

Sat. But how knoweſt thou that he will be thine aduocate? For hee is a righteous mediatour, and therefore hee will not deale for thee a moſt miſerable ſinner,

ſinner.

Con. I knowe it Satan, that he will bee mine aduocate. For ſo his holie worde preacheth vnto me, which is the worde of Chriſt the euerlaſting trueth, which I by his grace will neuer miſdoubt. And heerein thou ſheweſt what thou haſt beene, euen from the beginning a lyer. For Iohn telleth mee, that if anie man ſinne, yet there is an aduocate, and a righteous aduocate, euen Ieſus Chriſt the righteous.

Sat. Yea, but how dareſt thou looke vp to heauen, and flie to this aduocate, thou beeing a vile ſinner, and hee a righteous God?

Con. In a full faith of his mercie,

cie, Satan, I dare goe to him For hee crieth to all laden and labouring Chriſtians: Come vnto me. And why then ſhould *I* feare to goe vnto him? eſpeciallie, ſince hee hath promiſed to refreſh mee, If I come vnto him.

Sat. Thou maieſt goe vnto him, but thou ſhalt finde him a iudge. For he will neuer refeſh thee with mercie, but puniſh thee with deſerued iudgement and rewarde thee according to thy deſerts.

Con. Auoid Satan for thou lieſt: I will goe to him in aſſurance of his mercie: for hee is trueth, and cannot faile in his promiſe. Hee will indeede rewarde me according to my deſarts:

serts: but what desertes? Christ his desertes are my desertes: hee by his death deserued life for mee and all the worlde, not for himselfe, but for vs, according to the saying of Peter. He bare our sinnes in his bodie. And therefore, sith Christ by his full obedience hath deserued lyfe, my desert in him is life. And therefore will I dare to goe vnto my Lorde and my God, for I am sure of mercy.

Sat. I am the prince of darknesse, and all sinners belong to my kingdome. For the reward of sinne is death, and therefore assure not thy selfe of mercye, for that is in vaine.

Con. Auoid Satan: For what though thou bee the prince of darke-

darkenesse, yet doe I set thee at naught. I am a sinner, but what of that Satan? my sinnes haue lost their stinge, and so maiest thou gape for a prey, and goe without a reward. For in the bloud of Iesus Christ am I purged from my sinnes, yea from all my sinnes, the sinnes of my childhood, my youth, my olde age, committed in thought, worde, or deede: whatsoeuer they haue bene, are, or shall be, they are drowned in the bottom of the sea, and so couered in mercie, that the Lorde will neuer remember them,

Sat. Thou lyest conscience. For the Lord is iust, and therefore hee will remember them, that he may punish them.

Con.

Con. The Lord is righteous, thou foule diuell: iuſt, and true are all his wayes, but yet thou lyeſt in thy conſequent, for it ſtandeth not with his iuſtice, to remember our ſinnes, that hee may puniiſh vs, whoſe ſins hee hath puniſhed in his ſonne Chriſt. Chriſte Ieſus, by his death hath deliuered vs out of debt to the wrath of his heauenly Father, and purchaſed vs remiſſion of ſins. And therefore I am ſure that as God is iuſt: ſo hee will not remember my ſinnes to puniſhe them in me, againe, ſith his ſonne hath paid his debt for mee. For it is againſt iuſtice, that any debt ſhould bee twiſe paid, or twiſe required.

Sat.

Sat. Though Chriſt once died, to ſaue thee from ſinne: yet haue *I* thine euill life to laie againſt thee, for the which thou art and ſhalt be mine.

Con. Chriſt in deed died to ſaue me, and by his owne death hath he fully bought mee from the wrath of his Father, And *I* confes Satan, to my Lord, that *I* haue not liued after his lawe, but many wayes tranſgreſſed his holie will: but what then thou foule ſpirit am *I* thine? no Satan no. For the Lorde hath mercie in ſtore for euery Publican when hee craueth it, be he neuer ſo ill a liuer. Hee is at this point with vs. Aske and haue. I will therefore aske mercie of God, who gaue his owne ſon,

by

by his bloudie Death to ſaue mee: and I am ſure that I ſhall haue my ſute. For hee hath ſpoken it, and cannot lie. Thou lyeſt therefore for I am not thine. But thou ſayeſt that I am, and ſhall be thine. Auoyd Satan, auoyd like a coward. For he that is with mee hath broozed thy head, euen the mightie Lyon of the tribe of Iudah, that hath promiſed to be with his church euen til the ende of the worlde: he is with mee, and if he be with mee, who can bee againſt me? doo not therefore crake of this Satan, that I am an euill liuer, and therefore thine. Giue ouer thy combat, for if thou doe not I will call vppon my Captaine Michael, by the power of his An-

Angelike band to daſh thee out of countenance, who did beate thee in heauen, and al thy helliſh army.

The call of Conſcience in conflict for ſuccour againſt preſent danger.

THe Diuell, O Lorde, like a rauenous lion dooth ſeeke to teare the Lambe of thy Paſture; and vnleſſe thou helpeſt there is none other waie, but to the ſlaughterhouſe. It hath beene a continuall practyſe of his, euen from the beginning, to rob thy children of the riches of their redemption, wrought & accompliſhed by the bloudſhed of thy beloued ſonne.

He fometh like a boare of the deſert

desert, and seeketh by violence to breake int the vineyarde of my soule, which thy handes O thou heauenlie husbandman, haue planted. Vp therefore and arise, O gracious God and good shepheard of my soule. And as thou hast promised, so be thou with mee in time of this my skirmishe, that I may giue Satan the foyle, and sleepe safelie vnder the winges of thy mercy, with whom is store of mercie. To thee be al glorie both now and euer, Amen.

The dead mans *Schoole.*

Wherein Death teacheth *all Estates and degrees, from* the Prince to the begger, many notable lessons, most necessary to be learned: made by the said

E. H.

APproche yee sonnes of Adam, you that are as I was: and shall bee as I am. Drawe neere and learne those thinges diligentlie, wherein I shal instruct you.

First *I* woulde haue you to learne

learne this leſſon, that as ſinne came in by Adam, ſo by ſinne death as a due rewarde followed. And therefore, when you looke vppon mee, remember whence you are falne in Adam from grace into ſinne, from ſin into death: and thereupon ſorrowe for your ſinnes, and prepare your ſelues to death. For it is the waie of al fleſh.

There is a time to bee borne in ſinne, and a time to die for the ſame: all fleſh is graſſe, yee muſt all wither and fade with the flower. This naturall death which followeth the combat of the Elementes and ſinne, ſhall creepe vpon your mortall lims: for as the ſunne hath an eaſt to riſe in, ſo hee hath a Weſt to fal in:

in: euen ſo you ſhall all daunce with mee one day, and this daie is vncertaine, no man knoweth when it ſhall come. For it ſhall come at vnawares vppon you, and therefore doe good, and eſchew euill, ſin not, leaſt a worſe thing than this naturall death doe happen vnto you. For if you doe ſtill wallowe in ſin, anſwer me: What if death ſuddainlie ſtrike you with his dart as hee dooth manie men: howe woulde you bee able to ſtand in the iudgment of God?

Therefore leaue off in time, and liue like Chryſtians, that GOD yet at the leaſt, ſeeing your liues are ſo wicked, may find a good will and purpoſe in you towardes a godly conuerſation.

ſation. Do we not ſtill hold the ſame pace like old carthorſes, but repent and amend, for the kingdome of God is at hand.

Secondlie, when you ſee mee remember the ſpirituall death of Adam, wherein you are all wrapped, by nature horne in ſin and children of wrath. Dead you are in Adam, ſtarke dead in your ſinnes, vnlll the Lord doe regenerate you bnew with his holie ſpirit, and water your barren nature with the drops of of his grace.

And herein ſee that you doo acknowledge your weakenes, or rather your miſerie: that by ſinne you are dead, euen without life by nature, and without anie power to attaine vnto life,

life, as I am and ſhall be, vntill the Lorde doe knocke at my bed and raiſe mee from death to life, to liue with him for euer.

Auoyde ſinne therefore, as your deadly enimie, whiche would rob you of life, and fetter you in bonds of eternall death: and crie vnto the Lorde for helpe. For without him, againſt this enimie, you can doe nothing. Crie with the prophet Dauid, Create, O Lord, a new heart, and renewe a right ſpirite within vs. that beeing quickened againe by the dewe of his bleſſing, and ſtrengthened with the armour of grace, you may bee able to withſtand the furie of Sathan, and con-

ſtantly to endure the battell of a raging conſcience.

Thirdlie, when you looke vpon mee, remember whereof you are, euen of earth: no better than duſt and aſhes, to the which I nowe returne. And therefore to the loftie minded man I ſay; duſt and aſhes, why art thou proude? for earth thou art, and to earth thou ſhalt, and become a prey for gnawing wormes.

Decke thy bodie neuer ſo glorioufſlie, tie iewels aboute thy necke, lade thy fingers with ringes, ſit at thine ouerrunning tables and make merrie, deſpiſe all men: yet I tell thee, thou art duſt, as I am, ſo ſhalt thou be.

Thy

Thy bodie ſhall ſtinke, which nowe thou embaulmeſt: thy loftie looke ſhall bee humbled, the wormes ſhall feede vppon thee. Looke vpon me, & thinke vpon thy ſelfe, bee not as thou art; but thinke vppon mee, and what thou ſhalt be, and follow him that is able of duſt to raiſe thee to life, & crieth vnto thee: Be humble and meeke as I am.

If thou refuſe this exhortation, remember that pride ſhall haue a fall: that earth is heauie by nature, and falleth: that hee that exalteth himſelfe ſhall bee humbled, and hee that humbleth himſelfe ſhall be exalted.

Acknowledge therefore that earth is thy mother, which is the baſeſt of all other elements

and followe Christ thy maister, and onely guide to his father in ioie: that out of earth hee may raise thee to heauen: and after thy resurrection, for thine earthie and stinking bodie, giue thee a glorious and immortall bodie that thou mayest shine with him like a star in the kingdom of glory.

Fourthly, let all couetous persons looke vpon mee, and amende their euill liues. For as I came naked into this world, so did they: and as I carrye nothing with mee but my wynding sheete, euen so shall they. Their riches, the pelfe of this world shall they leaue behinde them, which they haue gathered in paine, and hourded vp

with

with greedy minds.

Oh you hungrie Lyons! you are alwaies gaping for the prey, you are euer hungrie, and neuer satisfied: get you neuer so much by hooke or by crook, by violent iniurie, or biting vsurie. But looke you vpon me. For an ell of earth nowe shall serue mee, and so must it serue you, whome nothing may suffice in this world.

Sorrowe therefore, and amende in time. For you were not borne to gather worldlie substaunce: but to serue poore Iesus, who of God made himselfe poore to enrich you. You were not borne to continue in this world.

No, you haue no continuing

cittie heere, but you muſt looke for another, euen Heauen, whence you are nowe exiled, and therefore you muſt ſeeke the thinges that be aboue. Your conuerſation muſt bee in Heauen.

You muſt not tie your hearts to the earth, and hourd vp the pelfe of this worlde, leaſt the verie moths and ruſt of your treaſure cry for a plague vpponand againſt you in the daie of vengeance. For die you muſt one day, and be as I am, and ſo reſt in the bellie of mother earth, vntil the daie of accounts, when God ſhall rewarde euerie man according to his deſerts.

Fifthlie, let all enuious perſons, and euill willers beholde my

my hart: let all bloudſhedders looke vpon my feete, all back-biters, ſlaunderers and curſſers, marke my tongue: all robbers and vſurers viewe my handes: all couetous perſons note my winding ſheete: all ſelfelouers and proud men gaze vpon my face and hollowe eyes: let all men looke vpon me & amende their liues, for as I am, euen ſo ſhall they be.

Sixtly, let all Chriſtians looke vpon me, courtiers and countrie men, highe and lowe, rich and poore, young and olde, noble and vnnoble: all, let them looke vpon mee, and remember their end. Die they ſhall all: this let all remember, that they may neuer ſinne.

Let all ſwearing belly gods all ſelfe-louers, men or women, that monſtrouſly diſguiſe chaſt nature, and paint their bodies, which are ſtinking toombes of their ſeelie ſoules, with intollerable vanities, let all that care for beauties hewe looke vpon mee, and iudge of their owne vanitie, and condemne themſelues, leaſt they bee iudged of the Lord.

For their broydered hayre, their faced and defaced apparell, their ſuperfluous laſings, their ſumptuous Veluetes and ſilkes, their golden caules, their wrought clothes, their ringed fingers, and their coſtlie fare in this worlde, which Lazarus wanteth, they are all vanitie, neither

neither ſhall they redeem them but to earth they ſhall, and vaniſh with the vapour.

They ſhal al ſleepe with me, and they ſhall bee one day no better than I am: wormes meat, ſtinking carcaſes, duſte and aſhes they ſhall bee, whatſoeuer they doo appeare to the fooliſh world.

Kinges and Princes, magiſtrates and ſubiectes, ſchollers and maiſters, rich and poore, all may looke vpon me. For I am able to teach them a leſſon, which they forget dailie: That earth they are, and vnto earth they muſt with mee one daie, and noe man knoweth howe ſoone. Diſdaine not to learne this at mee; for I teach you the

trueth, which one day you your ſelues ſhall approue to bee very true.

Seuenthlie, let all mourning mothers and ſorrowing friends, let them giue ouer weeping and vnchriſtian wailing. For that cannot helpe them, becauſe it grudgeth and complaineth againſt the will of God: but rather let them bee merrie and reioyce.

For behold, this life is a warfare, euen a continuall warfare, as Iob calleth it, and death is a ſleepe, a ſweete ſleepe, ſo that by it *I* reſt from my labours, I am deliuered from daunger to ſafetie, from labour to ioye, from trauel to reſt, from paine to pleaſure, and lie in the earth

as

as it were in a bed, till I must rise to iudgement.

This is the lucky estate of them that are dead in the lord. And therefore did father Simeon desire to departe in peace: and Paule counted hymselfe a wretch because hee was not deliuered from this bodye of sinne.

So that you haue no cause to mourne for your friendes, who by deathe are passed beyonde death: euen to life, to liue with GOD, and to see him face to face, euen as hee is. But rather you haue cause to reioice, because by death they are taken into ioie, to bee where Christ Iesus is.

The dead man is but asleepe, he

hee is not deade but for a time, and at length hee ſhall awake, euen by the ſounde of a trumpet and crie of an Archangell, to ſee his redeemer in heauen, where hee with thee and thou with him, and the heauenlie armie of Aungels and ſaintes may liue for euer.

Looke vpon me, and remember this, all you that mourne for the death of your friendes. For bleſſed am I, and thriſe bleſſed. This worlde is an exile, Heauen my naturall countrey: and ſo by death I am deliuered fro exile, and heerein I am verie happy.

This preſent worlde is euill, in heauen are ioyes that paſſe ſenſe and conceit. And ſo by death

death in the Lorde I am freed from euill, and placed in ioie: and herein I am happy.

This worlde is no continuing Citie, but another, that is heauen, which when I liued, in faith I looked for: so that by death I am set in a permanent place, & herein am I happy.

This life is a pilgrimage, heauen my home: and so by death of a pilgrime, I am made a citizen, and herein I am happy.

To conclude, by death, from earth to heauen, from men to Aungels, from warre to peace, from paine to pleasure, from griefe to euerlasting gladnesse, from vanity and misery to perpetuall felicitie I haue passed in peace, & herein I am happy.

So

So that death is not to bee feared, nor yet to bee lamented: but rather welcome in ioye of ſpirit whenſoeuer it commeth.

And for this are al Chriſtians bound to render harrie thankes vnto the Lorde, that hath turned the curſſe into a bleſſinge, and by his pretious death vpon the croſſe made death no death but an entrie to life, a paſſage to ioie, a deliuery from miſerie. For this bleſſing, bleſſed be the name of the Lorde, and let all people ſay Amen.

Imprint theſe fewe leſſons in your memories, and engraue them in the tables of your harts. And thus farwel.

A Lodge for Lazarus.

Wherein the poore and *friendleſſe are exceedinglie* comforted in ſpirit againſt all kinde of calamities incident to this temporall and miſerable life: made by the ſaid E.H.

THere are two ſortes of pilgrimes in the worlde, ſome are rich, and ſome are poore. Though the earth be the Lordes, and the riches thereof his owne poſſeſſions, though all men be his ſubiects, & haue de-

deſerued the like condition of life: yet to blaſe his mercy and to open his iudgementes and iuſtice vnto the worlde, it hath pleaſed him to bleſſe ſome with ſtore of his goodnes, and to puniſh others with the waſte of his temporal bleſsings.

Thus with pouertie hee beateth the poore to declare his iudgement againſt ſinne: and the rich man hee ſtoreth with aboundance to the manifeſtation of his vndeſerued mercie. By theſe his benefites vpon the ritche, and theſe his ſcourges laide vpon the poore, hee crieth out to them: Sinne no more, alluring the one partie by fayre and gentle, the other by ſharpe and bitter meanes vnto ſafe repen-

repentance.

The rich man he maketh his deputies on earth, or rather the ſtewards of his familie, or rather the paterns of his mercie, to take pitie vpon the begger: when he craueth leliefe: euen as he hath taken cõpaſſion vpon them, who neuer deſerued it. And that they may vſe them ſelues as ſhewers of his mercie he hath promiſed that they ſhal alwayes haue the poore with them: this we ſee at this day.

What a band of beggers bee in euery place? the poore doo ſwarme in euerie corner, the fatherles and widowes, yoong and olde, of all ages infinite doe grone and crie for verie neede. Some want cloth to couer their naked

naked bodies, ſome haue not meate to mittigate their hunger, ſome no drinke to eaſe their thirſt, ſome lye vnder hedges in ſtead of lodges, ſome are lame and cannot goe, ſome are blind and cannot ſee, ſome are deafe and cannot heare, ſome are dumbe and cannot ſpeake, ſome are ſicke, ſome are ſore, of all people to the iudgement of the worlde moſt miſerable: and therefore doo they ſeeme to make this complaint to God our heauenlie father.

O Lorde thou haſt created vs, thou haſt framed vs: we are thy handiworke, and thou the potter, that madeſt our grandfather Adam of the moulde of the

the earth. Was thy goodneſſe ſuch to make vs when we were not gentle Lorde, and wilt thou beate vs nowe thou haſt made vs? O Lorde, where is thy mercie? is the eie of thy pittie dimmed? art the eares of thy woonted goodneſſe ſealed? what Lorde, is the hand of thy fauor ſhortened? is the riuer of thy goodneſſe dried vp?

Shall wee hunger? nay, ſhall wee hunger ſtarue for want of thy bleſſings? what nowe good Lorde? thy ſonne taught vs to praie, Our Father. Are we thy children, and thou our Father. Oh! where is thy fatherlie prouidence, for beholde, O piteous Lord, wee are borne to nothing: beſides, skin, fleſh, and bones,

bones, wee haue nothing in this world.

We poſt from place to place, and run from towne to towne, wee goe from houſe to houſe, wee cry for reliefe in thy name, we aske it for thy ſake: but alas good Lorde, wee can get nothing. If we be ſtrong though wee haue charge of children, wee are whipped, wee are ſtocked, wee are impriſoned, and howe not abuſed? if wee bee lame, dum, deafe, ſicke or ſore, wee may cry: but alas, charitie is frozen, where one heareth hundreds doe ſtop their eares, and are deafe at our ſutes.

O Lord, charity is drowned, the beſt friend which we ſhould haue; harde heartes doo reigne,

the

the ſtouteſt enemy that we can haue: with this enemy wee are aſſaulted almoſt in euery place alas for pitty! pitty, ſweet Lord is our requeſt, haue mercy vpon vs. Looke vppon Lazarus our king and captaine: behold Lorde, he commeth to the rich mans gate, there he lyeth, there he crieth; Crummes, crums he craueth to eaſe his hunger, but hee cannot get them, dogs haue them, but Lazarus cannot haue them.

The dogs came to Lazarus and licke his ſores: but Dyues hath no feete to carrie him, no tongue to laie the playſter of comfort to his earneſt ſute, no hande to helpe him, not a crum to feede him. Beholde Lorde,

dogs

dogges are better vnto vs than Dyues: nay, they are in better case then we are; for they haue the crums that falles from their maisters table: but alas! Lazarus cannot come by them.

O Lorde, nowe where is thy wonted mercie? shall Lazarus want? shall hee want the crums of breade to ease his hunger? what? shal he crie for them, and shall hee not haue them? shall he shout, but shall hee not bee heard: what good Lorde: shal hee die for hunger, and Diues wallow in pleasure.

What Lord: hast thou lost thy name God, which soundeth as much as good: thou art called *Deus, quasi Dans*, and yet shall Lazarus want breade to re-

refreſh him? This complaint of the poore man dooth gnawe him: nay, ſometimes it quite deuoureth him.

But to lay a ſalue of comfort to this ſore of Lazarus: O Lazarus, why doeſt thou weepe? why doeſt thou crie out? whie doeſt thou ſeeme to blame the Lorde? hee hath appointed Dives as a father to regard thee.

But what? doeſt thou come to his gate, doeſt thou craue charitie, art thou denied it? the Lord commaunded it, & therefore is the Lord iuſtified, when hee is iudged. But Dives hath abuſed his benefits, and therefore ſhall he anſwere for it.

Let this be thy comfort: let this bee thy lodge to reſte in, from

from all complaintes, that one daie God, who is charitie, ſhall iudge the worlde, the greateſt ſcourge that Diues ſhall haue. Then ſhall hee ſaie, as accounting that not doone vnto him, which was not doone vnto you. when *I* was hungrie, thou gaueſt me no meate, noe not the crums that fell from thy table: when *I* was thirſtie, thou gaueſt mee no drinke: when *I* was naked, thou didſt not clothe me; when I was in priſon thou didſt not comfort me; when I was harbourles, thou didſt not lodge mee: giue an accompt of thy ſtewardſhip. Then ſhal he crie out, that hee neuer ſaw him hungrie or thirſtie, or elſe he would haue refreſhed him: not

not imprisoned, or else hee would haue visited him: not lodgles, or else he would haue harboured him.

But this is all lyes, and therefore will he say vnto him: *Nescio*, I know thee not: Departe as cursed into euerlasting fire, where shall bee weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Come hither crying Lazarus, thou that crieſt and showteſt out vppon the Lorde, and vpon the tyrannie of worldelings: and thou ſicke? art thou ſore? art thou deafe? art thou dumbe? art thou naked? what? haſt thou no place to laie thy head in? come hither, for here are pallaces of pleaſure to paſtime in, excellent turrets of

ioy to banket in, and lodgeleſſe of infinit comfort to harbour in. For what? haue you not had meate, when you haue craued it? or drinke when you haue asked it? haue you beene in priſon, and not viſited? ſicke & not comforted? ſore & not eaſed? naked and not cloathed? wanderers and not ſuccored?

Behold, in your behalfe Chriſt will iudge, the rich and mercileſſe gluttons of this worlde: and in the day of reuelation, you to your ioyous conqueſt, and to their vtter ſhame ſhall teſtifie and beare witnes againſt them. This is the firſt lodge of comfort.

But yet there is another beſides this: enter into that. Behold

hold when you asked reliefe, it was Christ that asked and was denied, so that in this worlde you beare an image of Christ, who came vnto his owne, and yet was not receiued, no not knowne: who had not his neast, as the birdes of the ayre haue: nor his den to flye vnto, as the foxes haue: no not so much as a place to lay his head on.

Hee sought once to harbour in Peters ship vppon a pillowe: but marke howe the waues the windes disquieted the shippe, it frighteth Peter, poore Iesus is pinched at and awakened, so that hee could not haue a good nap to comfort his wearinesse in his harbouring place. Was this the estate of the mayster?

then reſt in peace, and harbour in ioy. For the ſcholler is not aboue his maiſter.

Naie, dooth the tyranny of Diues pinch him, when it pincheth you? dooth hee hunger, when you hunger? dooth hee thirſt, when you thirſt? is he naked, when you are naked? is he ſicke when you are ſicke? is hee ſore when you are ſore? is hee harbourleſſe when you bee lodgles? what? doth hee ſmart when you ſmart, doeth he crie for almes, when you craue? is it he that made you, hee that ſaued you, hee that ſpente his life and ſhedde his owne precious bloud to redeeme you from ſatan, & yet will you complaine? let it not bee ſo, but in patience

leane

leane vnto the louing Lorde, and let him bee a pallace of ioy to lodge and reſt in.

There is a thirde lodge of comfort for al Lazars. For the vncharitable dealing of Diues ſhall be his vtter ruine. If Diues haue ſhut his eare againſt thy cry, and denied to reliue thee in time of needie extreamitie: if hee haue not opened his heart to pittie thee, nor ſtretched out his arme to rayſe thee, when thou art falne into miſery: then woe, woe: a rod is at hande to beate him: O foole, this night the Diuell ſhall fetch thy ſoule from thee. Heere is a glorious lodge of comfort for all Lazers.

If Diues haue his barnes filled with corne, his cheaſts with

treasure, his table furnished with plenty of meate, if he haue all thinges at will: yet shall nothing redeeme him from miserie, if he will not attende the piteous crie of Lazarus in tyme of extreame necessitie. For hee that will not heare the poore when he dooth crie: when hee crieth himselfe, the Lorde will him denie.

Hath Diues nowe denied you almes? then will the Lorde denie him mercie, will the Lorde denie him mercie, because hee hath not pittied your misery? hath the Lorde such care ouer your estate, that hee will reuenge it sharpelie if you bee not cherished: and will you yet complaine. Fie, no, for shame,

but

but let this be a lodge for you to reſt in.

God is your garde, howſoeuer it goe with you: you are his little ones, his dearlinges, and deerely beloued. If Diues doo abuſe you, if he doe not cheriſh you, beholde how hee loueth you, for Diues for your ſake ſhall ſuffer paines for euer.

You want foode on earth: but he ſhall want the bread of life in hell You want drinke, but hee ſhall want euen a drop of water in hell to coole his flaming tongue. You wante in this world cloth to couer your nakednes: but hee ſhall want the white raiment of innocencie: and therefore wallowe in miſerie for euer: You wante

lodging here, but he shall want the lodge of ioyes else-where. You cannot be his gheſt, but a worme for your ſakes ſhall bee his gheſt euerlaſtingly.

Hee had ſtore of all thinges: what wanted hee, neither ſiluer nor golde to haue enriched you, nor meate to haue fedde you: nor drinke to haue eaſed you: he had cloth to haue couered you, crums of his table that would haue relieued you, hee hadde lodges wherein hee might haue graunted you harbours.

But ſee the iudgementes of God for your ſakes. This Diues is not worth a drop of water in hell: for all his pleaſure he reapeth laſting paine, for his me-

melodious harmonie, hee heareth howling and weeping, and gnashing of teeth This is the woe that they shal swim in, that with Diues neglect the crie of seelie Lazarus.

But yet view a fourth lodge of comfort, a princelye loodge, you band of beggers approch and looke vp, what? was Lazarus clothed in sores? did no man visit or comfort him? had he no physitian either by word or by worke to cure him? had he no surgerie, but onelie by dogs?

Nay, what? was hee not onlie sore in bodie, but pinched in stomach, did he want food, naye, did he so hunger, that he desired crummes of bread to

pleaſe the crie of his greedie ſtomach, and yet could hee not get it.

What? are any of you in the ſame caſe? beholde a lodge of comfort: looke vp, and there you ſhall ſee Abrahams boſom and Lazarus therein lodged See, hee that wallowed in ſores & might haue waſhed in teares ſuch was his miſerie to the eie of the worlde.

Beholde, hee that was not worth a crum of breade in this worlde, hee that had no lodge place to reſt in, nowe lodgeth in Abrahams boſome, and harborough of reſt.

What nowe you beggers, you that wander from place to place, and haue no reſting place

place to ſtaie in: nay, you that wander, and for want of charitie doo alwaies hunger: be patient, bleſſe God in your aduerſitie, and reſt in the lodge of Lazarus.

Diues was aboue Lazarus in this worlde: Diues waded in plentie, but Lazarus in pouertie: Diues ſate at his table, Lazarus at the gates: Diues healthie, Lazarus ſicke; Diues with a full bellie, but Lazarus liued with an hungrie ſtomach: and yet looke vp, and now you ſhal ſee Diues belowe, and Lazarus aboue him.

Diues in this worlde had rich men for his comates, gentiles and potentates for his gheſtes: but nowe he keepeth company with

with the diuell and his Aungels. Lazarus in this worlde had no companye to comfort him: nay, hee had none that alwaies tarryed with him, but ſickneſſe and pouertie: they were from time to time his two gheſts, and at Diues his gates the dogs too did viſit and licke him.

But nowe behold, Dyues biteth the bread of miſery in hell: but Lazarus lodgeth in Abrahams boſome, and now in heauen banketteth at the table of euerduring ioie, with the Patriarches, Prophets, Apoſtles, Martyres, and holie ones of God.

Oh! will the impatient Lazarus ſaie? this is a heauie caſe, to be alwaies beaten with pinching

ching pouertie, alwaies to bite of ſorrowe, and neuer to liue at eaſe.

Surely if this bee thy caſe, as thou moneſt: yet I ſaie, looke vp to the lodge of reſte, euen Abrahams boſome: for though thou dooſwim in ſeas of extremitie, yet thou dooeſt banquet with Lazarus, who euen in this worlde did ſuffer pinching extremitie, and yet nowe he doth reſt in peace.

But thou art beaten, thou ſaieſt: thou art buffeted: ſo was Lazarus. Oh! but thou art beaten ſore, ſo was he. But yet thou ſingeſt on the ſame ſong: thou art beaten.

Art thou beaten? then lodge in comfort. For better it is to be

be beaten with Lazarus, than damned with Diues: it is better to be crossed, than not crowned: it is better to bee beaten, than neuer to be chastised. For God reciueth no childe, but whom he scourgeth.

But yet thou crieſt: Oh my life is miserable! is it mysera-ble: then lodge in comfort. For miserie is the high waie to felicity.

Thou must bee buffeted, if thou wilt be saued: for hee that will liue godlie in Christ Iesus must suffer persecutions. I am the waie sayth hee. But what was his waie to Heauen? A crosse was his waie vnto the crowne, and thus woulde hee leade thee to immortall glorie.

What

What laieſt thou nowe, Lazarus? haſt thou any thing to complaine of? I hope theſe lodges of comforte doe pleaſe thee. But if they doe not, yet harken a little.

Is thy life a caſtle of miſerie, becauſe thou art wrapt in pouertie, art thou a wretch of this world, becauſe thou art cloathed in ſoares, doeſt thou ſing of nothing but calamitie, becauſe health faileth thee, or ſtore of temporall bleſſings, whye then reaſon with me.

What if thou hadſt the riches of Diues, his health, his wealth, his garners, his treaſure, his landes, his cattell, yet vanitie of vanities, crieth the Preacher, and all is vanitie.

Vanitie,

Vanitie? what, Vanitie of vanities? nay, what? is all vanitie? ritches, health, treasure, pleasure, wealth: is all woe? nay, is all vanitie, vanitie, what? worth a nit? naye, worth nothing: and yet art thou troubled?

The rich men of this world doe fall into manie temptations, in so much that where they shoulde bee gods on earth, to helpe and to aide the needie, when neede requireth: they prooue themselues cages of vncleane diuels.

Some lords of lands do begger their poore tenantes, they racke and impouerish them to better their owne estate: some hourd vppe corne for deere times,

times, to the vtter heggering of the poor, some haue catching hands, who though they haue enough, yet are alwayes catching and snatching at the widowes mite.

Vsurers, or rather robbers, who haue inough but the rich, who want it but the poore, whie want they it, but because charitie is deade, and the rich are snared in deadlie temptations, But yet they will be rich, they scrape and trauell for goods.

But what crie the proud and the rich men in the fift of wisedome. Oh say they, what hath pride profited vs, or what hath the pompe of riches brought vs.

Come hither Lazarus, art thou

thou poore? desire not to bee rich: for this is the vsuall song of such as are rich in this worlde Oh! what hath the pompe of riches brought vs? doe not riches berter a man? nay, dooth not the pompe of riches bring any commoditie with it.

What? can it not deliuer vs from dansing with death, from the gnawing worme, from the bed of earth? no though wee were as beautifull as Absalom, as long liued as Methuselah, as eloquent as Cicero, as subtile as Aristotle: to end, as riche, as Cresus, yet we must needes become wormes meate, and turne to dust and ashes.

How now Lazarus? what if thou hadst courtlie palaces to lodge

lodge in, exceſsiue plentie of all thinges, euen the pompe of riches, vvhat ſhould they auaile thee? nothing: yea nothing, and yet is pouerty a burthen vnto thee?

It is the vvill of God Lazar that thou ſhouldeſt be a Lazarus: and it is thy dailie prayer, that his vvil bee doone: and it is his vvill to ſaue all men. But vvhat? is it his will, that thou ſhouldeſt be poore? & art thou not merry.

It is his vvill to ſaue thee: nay, is it he that can onely ſaue thee? nay, is hee woont to ſaue vs by croſsing vs, that wee ſhoulde enter into heauen by manie tribulations. and vvilte thou not yet lodge in comforte

Nay

Nay what? doeſt thou praie that the will of God be doone? if thou praie for it, as it ſtandeth thee vpon, ſo thou doeſt wiſh it. Now his will is to beate thee with pouertie: thou prayeſt for it, thou wiſheſt it. What now? doeſt thou wiſh it? and yet art thou ſad and penſiue?

Men are woont to ioie, yea and to reioyſe when they haue their wiſhe, but thou haſt it: and wilt thou bee ſorry. The Lord ſaith, nay the Lorde ſweareth it, that he wil not the death of a ſinner: and death is the due wages of thy ſinnes, the which of iuſtice hee might paie vnto thee, but hee will not of mercie.

Wil he not thy death, which

is

is due vnto thee? and yet doeſt thou complaine of pouertye, which is his will to laie vppon thee? let this bee thy lodge of comfort, that his mercie is our ſafetie: and that his will is nothing elſe but his mercie: yea, though he do beat and buffet vs neuer ſo much.

And to perſwade vs in this point, who are ſo incredulous of nature from time to time, it hath pleaſed him to ſcourge his children, or rather to ſcoure the veſſels of their hearts, the lodge place of his holy ſpirit, from the dregs of iniquity.

Caine was an heire, hee poſſeſſed all, he was the childe of this worlde: but Abel the child of God, hee had his name of vanity

vanitie, his ende was to be murthered, hee receiued his deaths wound, euen by his owne brother.

Looke vppon the whole colledge of Saintes, and wee ſhall ſee ſome impriſoned with Ieremie, ſome beheadded with Baptiſt, ſome ſtoned with Steuen, ſome crucified with Chriſt Ieſus, lapped in lothſome ſores, wrapt in bandes of vtter extremitie with poore Lazarus: notwithſtanding Diues the worldling wallowe in all health and wealth.

How nowe Lazarus? looke vpon thy brethren, and be thou comforted: yea if thou haſte beene rich, euen as rich as Iob, if thou haſt ſat on the pinnacle of

of pleaſure, and mounted vp with the higheſt trees: if thou haſte flouriſhed like the glorious lillie, and yet vppon a ſudden wither awaie; if thou haſt fallen from the top to the foote of a hill, that is, from proſperitie to aduerſitie, and become a bare *Iob*, yet beholde the pallace of comfort: *I* am ſure, that my redeemer liueth, and that with theſe eyes I ſhall ſee him, ſaith Iob.

Whoe was this *Iob*? a riche man he was, hee had plentie of all thinges. GOD had bleſſed him with children, and vpon a ſudden all is gone, Oxen, Camels, children and all. His owne friendes doe forſake him, hee wadeth in wo and ſickines; and yet

yet theſe clubs can not batter him downe, but ſtill he climeth to the lodge of comforte, ſaying: I am ſure that my redeemer liueth, and that with theſe eyes *I* ſhall ſee him.

What though this earthlie maſſe our bodie, this duſtie tabernacle beſtormed and toſſed with the winter blaſtes of this world: what though our bellies feele the gnawing worm of a playning ſtomach, and our backes want cloth to couer it: yet is heere a lodge of comfort, which by faith wee muſt take poſſeſſion of, euerie one ſaying with father Iob: I am ſure that my redeemer liueth: and that with theſe eies I ſhall ſee him.

Though

Though God ſcourge mee, yet as a father to correct mee, & not as a iudge to condemne me: for I am ſure that my redemer liueth, & that with theſe eies I ſhall ſee him. Though I doe here want bread to quench the crie of hunger, and drinke to coole the heate of my burning ſtomach: Though I haue neither cloth to apparell mee: nor friend to comfort mee, nor place to lodge in, yet beholde, I am ſure that my redeemer liueth, and that with theſe eies I ſhall ſee him.

If thou be a ſpirituall Lazar, and wanteſt the crums of comfort, if the diuell lay thine owne ſinnes before thee, to the ende thou mayeſt eate with him, the

bread of desperation: yet run to the lodge of comforte, and there sing thou in spight of thy sinnes, of Satan and all his hellish houndes: *I* am sure that my redeemer liueth, and that with these eies *I* shall see him.

In this lodge of comfort S. Iohn dooth finger out to thy hungrie soule the foode of life, saying, Beholde the lambe of God that hath taken away the sinnes of the world. But what? was this lambe crucified? did he not die? yes, and rose the third day a conquerour ouer sinne, death, hell, the diuel and all his angels.

But yet perchance thou wilt not beleeue it: if thou doe not, come hither Thomas, sayeth Christ,

Christ, and thrust in thy finger. Dooest thou not beleeue it? then come hither and trie, trie and then truste. This side of Christ is the sole lodge of rest for all spirituall Lazars, that hunger and thirst after their saluation.

Marie Magdalen, that was possessed with so manie diuels: Peter that had once, twise, yea the thirde time denied his maister Christ: yea the theefe on the crosse by faith leapt into this side of safety, & lodge of Christ Iesus.

This lodge is his woundes, which hee had on the crosse to heale vs: which woundes alwaies are open, for all staying Thomases to harbour and to

lodge in. For at what time ſoeuer a ſinner will repent him of his ſinnes, I will blot all his ſins out of my remembrance, ſaith the Lord.

Here is a lodge for all Lazars, that grone in ſpirit. All ſuch as are heauy and laden, and heare and followe that proclamation of Baptiſt, Repent: all that with father Dauid weepe, and learne to wet the couch of their hearts with the teares of their groning ſoules.

This lodge of comfort is open to all, it is denied to none that repent, haue they beene neuer ſo greuous ſinners.

Beſides theſe two ſortes of Lazars, there are ſome that are rich in temporall bleſſings, and

yet

yet very Lazars in grace: couetous men and vsurers, they doo not onelie want that they haue, but by euer seeking more and more, they drowne their seelie soules in sinne, and for a lodge of comfort, they harbour in hellish Aegypt.

Thus was Dives the glutton a Lazar; hee had plentie of all thinges, and yet hee was not so riche in grace as to bestowe a crum of breade vpon Lazarus: and therefore dooth hee nowe thirst for a drop of water, and cannot get it, to ease the furie of his tormenting toong.

Dives is the ringleader of the dance to all careless ritch men that haue departed this life, as couetous wretches. But vnto

them that are yet aliue, although they haue beene a long time disciples of Diues, yet are the woundes of Iesus Christ open to lodge them, against the stormes of a frowning conscience.

Yea, it is open for all sinners, who are Lazars by nature, and want the verie crums of goodnesse: they gape to receiue vs, and they are alwaies fresh and greene. Loe a fountaine of Christs pretious and outstreaming bloud, wherein all that repent are washed from their leprosie, and deliuered from the sting of iniquity for euer.

In the worlde there is nothing but miserie, it is nothing but a kingdome of calamitie: and

and the woundes of Chriſt are a lodge of all reſt, where there is no paine, no ſorrow, no vexation, no trouble, but all ioye, euen ſuch ioy as paſſeth all conceite, to the which the Lord of his mercie bring vs all, Amen.

A retrait from *sinne*.

Wherein is sounded, as with a *shrill trumpet in the eares of all* men, what damnable daungers depend vpon continuance in sin, neglect of repentance, abuse of the acceptable time of grace: and other excellent meanes dayly mouing men to the amendment of their sinnefull life: made by the said E. H.

COnsidering with my selfe the frailtie of man, and the dangerous trappes of Satan, which he hath laid in euerie corner of this wicked

worlde to catch vs: his craftie deuiſes which he worketh continuallie to ſnare vs, and the drowſines of man, as careleſſe to auoid them, I thought good ro make this baſe retrait from ſinne, that beeing called from ſtrayeng, we might come vnto the true ſheepefold, and ſo bee ſaued.

And here I might begin with wondering at the churliſh nature of man, who being ſo often called by the voyce of God and his deputies, from ſinne, doth yet notwithſtanding wallow therein, like ſwine in filth and mire,

Duſte and aſhes! ſhall the Lord himſelfe crie vpon thee? Sinne not: and wilte thou not heare

heare him? if not ſinning be thy ſoules ſafetie: wilt thou bee ſo vnmindful of thy ſelfe, as to ſuffer thy gratious lord to haue the repulſe?

Shal the king command his ſubiect, and bee obeyed: and the king of glorie commaunde thee not to ſinne, and not bee obeied? ſhall the good and truſtie ſubiect bee ſo dutifull to the king, who is yet but duſte and aſhes: and wilt thou ſhew thy ſelfe ſo rebellious againſt God, who is the God of comfort, and father of mercy?

O thou drowſie creature! awake, bee wiſe. Conſider if God being wiſedome, doo call thee from ſinne, then is it follie to follow ſinne. If God being

ing the father of mercie, doo call thee from ſinne the mother of endles miſery, then ô wretched creature returne, repent, leaſt for mercie thou doo reape the reward of ſin, which is death eternal.

But why ſhoulde wee by ſinning make our ſelues thrall to ſo tyrannous a maiſter as Satan? and deſpiſe the cal of ſo louing a Sauiour as Ieſus Chriſt, crying vnto vs, Sinne not.

The ſeruice of Satan is miſerable bondage: the ſeruice of Ieſus Chriſt is a bleſſed libertie, it is a freedome, that paſſeth al freedomes: and ſo much the rather to bee embraced, as the other is myſerable and to be deteſted: yea, it is with both hands

handes to bee receiued, forso-much as our Lorde Iesus Christ in commanding requireth it.

For being bondslaues of Satan, so vile a varlot, shall the Lorde offer vs his seruice, which is perfect libertie, and shall wee refuse it, and not rather receiue it? Eue did so much as obeie the lying Serpent in Paradise, and shal we denie obedience to Iesus Christ? shee obeied to sin, but her obedience wrought her miserie: and shal not wee obey the Lord, that our end may be felitity?

For howe can we, deseruing eternall misery, bee accepted to blisse, if that by disobedience wee prouoke to wrath the onelie purchaser of mercie? I

say

ſaie therefore, where Chriſt crieth, Sinne not, obey him, and kiſſe the ſonne leaſt hee be angrie: kiſſe him, and obey him; for if he bee but a little angrie, bleſt are all they that put their truſt in him.

But to make this retraite to ſounde more ſhrill in the eares of ſlumbring Adam: looke vpon the damned ſpirit of Diues, hee burneth in hell: but why if not for ſinne? His toung flameth, neyther can hee get a droppe of water to quench it: and why but for ſinne? The fire that hee burneth in is vnquenchable: his doleſull muſicke is gnaſhing of teeth, howling, weeping, and great lamentation: his caſe is curſſed for euer,

and

and why but for ſinne?

If Diues had knowne, that the ſacrifice of the Lorde had beene perfect libertie, and that obedience to his commandements had beene the pathway to heauen, or that his ſinfull life would haue wrought him ſuch a web of wo, or rewarded him with death for his wages in ſeruing Satan: no doubt he would haue followed as good counſel, as he wiſhed by the dead to be reuealed to his brethren: that is, he would haue ſought grace of the Lord, that hee might haue obeied him in holines, and ſo be ſaued.

But marke ô yee liuing, and learne of the dead. Diues was a ſinner, he ſerued ſinne, and

the

the olde ſerpent, but his ſeruice wrought his woe, euen a wo eternall. Now what a tyrannous maiſter is that, that ſo rewardeth his ſeruant? or what a miſerable ſeruaunt is that, which reapeth nothing by his ſeruice but wo?

But O thriſe miſerable are we! if wee will ſerue the ſame maiſter, whoſe ſeruice in Diues wee ſee to bee a ſlauiſh thraldome, and our wages nothing elſe but biting miſerie. So that if the Lorde our Saui. our Ieſus Chriſt, by his louing call be not able to recall vs from ſinne: yet let the bitter end of Diues, and the flaming torments of his ſoule damned for ſinne, bee a ſufficient retraite

vnto

vnto vs. Woe, wo, was due to him for ſin, and therefore ſinne not.

This Diues was a rich man, God had bleſſed him with his creatures, and theſe arguments of his loue cryed vppon him, Come home by repentance, & to holines in conuerſation: hee notwithſtanding neglected, and ſtill continued a ſeruant of ſin, for the which his ſeruice, hee doth now lament in helliſh torments, and ſo ſhall doe for euer. He ſhall alwayes howle, weepe and waile, in paine withoute eaſe, in ſorrowe without comfort, in griefe without reliefe, and that for euer.

But, O miſerable Diues! whie didſt thou not repente and returne

turne from ſinne, at the retrait of ſo manie and ſo great benefits of the Lord? why didſt thou not plaie the good ſteward of thy riches, in beſtowing ſomething vpon needie Lazarus? why waſt thou more vngentle and vnnaturall than the verye dogges, that licked his ſores? where was charitie? ſurelye it was frozen, it was dead: no better euidence than thine owne confeſſion, which thou makeſt amidſt thine endleſſe torments, crying out and ſaying:

My life was ſinfull, mine obedience was to Satan, my paradiſe was the wicked worlde, I neglected the retrait of ſo manie benefits from ſin, and there-

fore

fore I lie in paine, and so shall doo, till I haue paid the vtmost farthing, and that is euer.

Come hither now ye liuing, consider in time and bee wise. Diues was a sinner, and so are you: Diues neglecting the retrait from sinne, and puttinge off from daie to daie, was at lengthe vpon a sudden thruste downe into Hell: and surely, if you doe not in time repent, but followe his pathes, then as his ende was tormentes, so shall yours bee. For God is no accepter of persons.

Therefore, ô yee liuing, consider and be wise: and if you haue begunne the race of Diues, repent, returne, awake, least Satan take you napping, and the Lord

Lorde in his iuſt iudgement ſuffer him to take your ſoules from you, and ſo rob you of al ioy for euer.

If Diues had knowne the tyrannie of Satan, or the wages of his ſeruice, or the dangerous extremities of carnall ſecuritie: no doubt hee would haue awaked from ſinne, and bin as wiſe before hande to haue prouided for himſelfe, as hee was too late for his brethren.

And ſhall wee, knowing the danger of deferring to repent, & the villanie of ſinne, not prouide before hande againſt ſuch a dangerous tempeſt, as Diues abode, and walke wiſely: but incur the danger of extremitie by ſleeping in carnall ſecuritie,

and

and perilous ſeruice of ſinne?

O ye ſonnes of men, be wiſe and repent, returne from your wicked waies, giue the old ſerpent the ſlip, forſake your olde maiſter ſinne, bid adieu to all iniquitie, if you will not ſwim in the tormentorie ſeas of hell with Diues.

Beſides this bitter retrayte from ſinne, there be other trumpeters of Gods iuſt iudgements which ought continuallie to moue, and effectually to perſuade vs to forſake the ſeruice of ſinne and Satan. The whole world did ſerue Satan, becauſe it ouerflowed with ſinne, therefore beholde, it ouerſtreamed with water, and all the worlde was drowned.

Here

Here, if it pleaſe all ſinners to put on the ſpectacles of diſcretion, they may ſee what it is to ſerue ſinne, and what to neglecte the Lordes retraite from iniquitie. The whole worlde hauing forſaken the lorde God, wente a whooring after Satan, and marryed it ſelfe to ſinne, renouncing innocencie of lyfe, to follow vice; but loe the ende: when Satan by ſinne had gotten ſuch a mayſterie, and by reaſon of iniquity was become a prince of this worlde, beholde the ende of all his practiſes: the ruine and deſtruction of the world.

And ſurely this was the iudgment of the Lorde, to deſtroie them wholie, that had neglected

ted to heare his voice in the day of viſitation: & this iudgement is bent againſt all thoſe that cõtinue in ſinne, and will not repent.

Indeed the Lord hath made a couenant, and thereof he hath giuen vs a certaine ſacrament and earneſt penie, that hee for ſinne will neuer drowne the world againe: but yet the couenant may breed in vs no ſecuritie, but rather it is a retrait from ſinne, forſomuch as it is a couenant betweene the Lord and vs, betweene whome no couenant can continue for euer, vnleſſe wee returne from ſinne.

For although hee hath promiſed not to deſtroy the world

againe

againe for sinne, and this promise shall bee performed, not because we deserue it, but because hee hath promised: yet vnles we repent, *Omnes similiter peribimus*. We shall all likewise perish. He will drowne vs in wo for euer,

This flood of torments, and hellish lake, wherein the damned doe wallowe, and wade in vnspeakeable paine: this floud dooth passe the other, and vnles we repent, aud by heartie repentance leape into Noahs arke, and so into the bosome of mother Sion, there is no saluation for vs,

Let vs therefore repent, and lament our sinnes, and close our selues in the readie arke of Moses

Moſes, leaſt being at the brinke of death, the waters of hell ouerſwallow vs.

But to come from the whole world to the part: behold Sodom and Gomorrha, the two ſtewes of Sathan, wherein hee dayly committed fornication with the ſonnes of men. Thoſe two, Sodom and Gomorrha, were as wanton Damoſels of this world, giuen to all lewdnes and luſt, they danſed after ſinne, howſoeuer Satan piped. They had renounced all godlie chaſtitie, and to marrie the olde ſerpente they had broken their obedience vnto the Lord, But behold, thoſe two wild cities were tamed, deſtroyed: yea, burnt with fire and brim-

ſtone.

Now, O ye children of men, come and ſee the terrible ſight of theſe two cities burning and conſuming with fire: repente and lament your owne liues, that you are not behinde Sodom and Gomor in wickednes, but like miſerable wretches, haue pledged them in the cup of ſpirituall fornication with ſin and Satan.

Let this fire and brimſtone, like terrible Trumpetters of Gods iuſt iudgementes, ſound ſo ſhrill in your eares, as to awake you from ſleeping anie longer in ſinne, leaſt a worſe thing than this doe happen vnto you: yea, whenſoeuer you ſee water, fire, and brimſtone, thinke

thinke vppon the iudgementes of God againſt ſinne, and ſinne not.

Conſider that Sodom and Gomor were deſtroied for ſin, and that God, when it pleaſeth him, may execute his iudgement vppon thee, whoſoeuer thou be, vnleſſe thou repent: and therefore returne from ſin, and ſinne not.

Conſider, that where al creatures were made for mans vſe: yet ỹ Lord in his wrath againſt ſinne doth vſe them as ſwords of vengeance, to cut him off. And therefore, if wee will not onelie haue the Lorde, but alſo his creatures to profite vs, ſo that wee may vſe them to the ende they were created, then

where not onely the Lorde him ſelfe, but alſo all his creatures doo crie vppon vs, Repent and ſinne not: it ſtandeth vs vppon toamende our faultes, to reforme our liues, and to frame our ſelues to all good workes, which God hath prepared for vs, that we ſhould walke therein.

But, ô the lamentable caſe of Ieſus Chriſt! O the vnſpeakeable churliſhneſſe of man! for if the churliſhneſſe of one wicked Cittie Ieruſalem, did wring teares out of the glorious eyes of our Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt, and made him to ſigh and ſob, becauſe ſhee had dealt ſo vncurteouſlie with him, ſo prepoſterouſlie with her ſelfe, as to ſtone his

his prophets, to refuſe his clocking, and to ſerue Satan, and ſo to worke her owne deſtruction: then what yeere, what daie, what houre: naye, what moment doo wee not al make our Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt, beholding our iniquities, to weepe and to ſob, ſith that our ſinnes almoſt doe paſſe in number the ſandes of the ſea, and haires of our heads?

Yea, O the churliſhnes of man! yet by ſinne ſo to grieue our Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt, from the which to redeeme vs it coſt him bloudy teares, euen the effuſion of his moſte pretious blood: But is it not a miſerable follie in man, by ſuch churliſh dealing to offende our Lorde Ie

ſus Chriſt, who ſhall come to iudge the quicke and the dead.

Ye ſwearers, yee curſers, and railers, ye vſurers, theeues, and murtherers, yee epicures, papiſtes, and carnal Goſpellers, al ye ſinners that lie in ſinne, that knowe ſinne, and yet forſake it not, with what face will you preſent your ſelues before this heauenly iudge, out of whome you haue wrong ſo many ſobs, as you haue committed ſinnes in your life?

If you haue vſed him ſo vnthankefullie, and wrought him ſuch griefe: how can you looke but for griefe for your rewarde? But, O the mercy of the Lorde! that yet crieth, Come vnto mee all yee that labour, and are heauie

uie laden, and I will refreſhe you. Behold, notwithſtanding your infinite offenſes, notwithſtanding your infinite ſinnes yet, if you will acknowledge them, and bee hartilie ſorrie for them, that in committing them, you haue greeued the ſpirit of Ieſus Chriſt, hee is readie to receiue you; yea, and as one thirſting to receiue you into fauor againe, he calleth vnto you Come: promiſing, that notwithſtanding you bee laden and clogged with ſinne, that yet he will eaſe you, if you will come vnto him. This is a comfortable retrait, grounded vpon the promiſe of Ieſu Chriſt, that if we will come vnto him, he will refreſh vs.

Now what is Ieſus Chriſte? and what are we? wee are ſinners, and therefore our due is death: but Ieſus Chriſt is a ſauiour: yea, ſaluation and life it ſelfe: and therefore to goe to him, and to leaue ſinne, is to paſſe from death to life, from ſorow of conſcience to peace: yea, ſuch a peace as paſſeth all vnderſtanding.

Yea, Ieſus Chriſt is trueth, & therefore if wee will ſinne no more, but in a contrite ſpirite repaire vnto him, then will hee receiue vs: hee will refreſh vs with the deintie comfort of his holie ſpirite, and at length receiue vs into ioy, therein to liue with him for euer.

Therefore, if wee haue ſtopped

ped our eares at ſo many retraites ſounded againſt ſin; yet let this one comfortable ſpeech vttered by our Sauiour Chriſt, ſerue in ſtead of manie, Come: but and if this retrait of Ieſus Chriſt be not able to call thee effectuallie to repentance, then turne thine eies vnto his croſſe, and beholding the villanie of ſinne thy maiſter, and Satan the ſubtile ſerpent, repent and amend.

Beholde the lambe of God, he that came in the ſimilitude of ſinfull fleſh, to ſaue thee by his death. Behold how the diuel hath handled him, beholde how his helhoundes haue intreated him, and all for ſinne. Behold his holie bodie racked,

behold his holie feet & handes rent with nailes, his head crowned with thornes, his pretious ſide launced with a ſpeare. Beholde his pretious bloud dropping, yea outſtreaming: behold how the onelie beloued ſonne of God, our louing and bleſſed Sauiour, lo how tyrannouſlie the miniſters of Satan haue vſed him.

But why are his holie armes outſtretched? why dooth his holie head bow it ſelfe downe? why are his feete and handes ſo torne with nayles? why dooth his pretious bloud ſpinne out? why is this holy lamb of God ſo piteouſlie ſlaughtered vpon the tree?

Surelie O man, thou thy ſelfe haſt

haſte miniſtred the cauſe, and thy ſinnes haue wrought this crueltie vppon this innocent Lambe Ieſus Chriſte: ſo that if thou either loue Ieſus Chriſt whome thy ſinnes haue torne ſo cruelly, or tender thine owne caſe, for whome he died ſo mercifullie, beyond thy merit: ſinne no more, but repent repent, repent, and defie the diuell, and al his tyranny.

Yea, and ſith his head, his armes, his handes, his feete, his ſide, and pretious bloud doe ſo cleerelie ſhewe the tyrannie of ſinne: deteſt, abhor, and auoid it. And whereas his thornie crowne that tore his head: and the nayles that rent his handes and feete: and the ſpeare, that pearſed

pearſed his gloriuous ſide: doo all crie out vpon vs, that wee haue ſo rente and torne by our ſinnes Ieſus Chriſt our bleſſed Sauiour, let vs for ſhame bee aſhamed of our villany.

Let vs lament, and repente our iniquities, leaſt that the verie thornie crowne of his heade the verie nayles that faſtened him to the tree, and the ſpeare that pearſed his ſide, doo teſtifie a iuſt condemnation againſt vs, that we did ſo vnthankefully vſe them to deſtroy the ſonne of God, and yet do cõmit ſin, to our power ſeeking to ſlay him againe.

O yee butchers! conſider this innocent Lambe, howe hee bleedeth, and ſheaddeth his pre-

pretious bloud, to cleanse you from sinne, and so to saue you from Satan: drinke vp in faith the droppings of his bloud, and moisten your soules therewith: eate him and chewe him: for hee is the breade of life, which whosoeuer eateth, hee shall neuer hunger any more.

Bid warre to olde Adam proclaime battell against the subtile serpent, and fight like good souldiors of Christ crucified, against sinne: that death and hel beeing put to the foile, by the strength of your valiant capitaine, ye may at length be registred among the blessed saintes of God for euer.

But if all this will not moue thee, O foolish creature, to repentance

pentance: neither the miſerable ſeruice of Satan, nor the horrible ende of ſinne, nor the maieſtie or mercie of Ieſus Chriſt, nor the villanie that ſin wrought vnto him, which all ought to bee forcible motiues, and ſufficient retentiues from ſinne: yet conſider a while the condition of ſinners, which of al other is moſt miſerable.

For firſt, they are Gods enemies, euen ſuch rebellious enemies, as with open armes in Satans quarrell, vnder corrupt nature, as their ſouraigne, reſiſt Gods gouernment: which thing, O ſinfull man, is of all other moſt horrible, to be Gods enemie, to be at war with God to bee hated of the moſt mightie,

tie, puiſſant and omnipotente Lorde of hoſtes.

Neither doe ſinners, by warring againſt the honor of God vnder ſinne and Satan, onelye purchaſe the anger and hatred of God vpon their heads: but alſo they greeue the courtiers of Ieruſalem, which is aboue, and put the Angels and Saints of God to great griefe and ſorrowe.

For if that they reioyſe at the conuerſion of a ſinner, and bee gladde when the loſte groate is founde, aad the ſtraying ſheepe brought to the ſheepfold. then what griefe, what ſorrow, what heauineſſe doe ſinners purchaſe vnto them, when being loſte they will not be found: and being

ing ſtrayeng ſheepe, they will not bee brought to the ſheepefold of grace againe.

And heere it may pleaſe all ſinners to conſider, that as repenting wee gladden the Angels and Saintes of God, and make the diuell to repine and greeue: ſo, when wee commit ſinne, and decline from the right line of righteouſnes, then doe we keepe wakes for the diuel, then dooth he hope for ioy, when we defraud the good Angels of God of their ioy

Theſe irreuocable ſinners, theſe the Lorde dooth hate, as vtter enimies: yea, rotten and ſtinking carion is more ſweete before men, than is ſuch a ſoule before God and his Aungels.

And

And therefore let all such repent, not onely because they are iniurious to God, and offensiue to the good: but also because they are stinking creatures, and such as the Lord neither may nor will abide, vnles they returne vnto him in sackcloth and ashes: and therefore repent and amend.

Secondly, those sinners that stop their eares against the retrait of these motiues, let them consider their wonderous follie. For sinne is the dung of the old serpent, and he that sinneth for the vilest thing that is, forsaketh the most pretious iewel in heauen and earth,

For what doeth mans soule lose by sinne? from whom departeth

parteth ſhe? from whom dooth ſhe ſeparate her ſelfe? euen frō God her maker, her redeemer and Sauiour: yea, when ſhee ſinneth ſhe forſaketh ſaluation and her owne ſafetie, ſhee runneth into the ſtinking lappe of the diuell her deſperate aduerſarie, and haſteneth herſelfe vnto hell.

Yea, by ſinne the kingdome of the diuell is inlarged; for he that committeth ſinne is the ſeruant of ſinne. And what if I ſaye that ſinne maketh man like to Satan? for whatſoeuer deformitie or filth is in the diuell, that is by ſinne: of the which if the Deuill might bee freed, he were a noble and excellent creature. Euen ſo the ſoule

soule of man, by sinne is made filthie and deformed like the Diuell. And what an iniurie is this to God, that by sinne, of his owne image, wee shoulde make the image of the diuel?

Repent therefore, and consider thirdlie, that it gladdeneth the diuel to see vs sinne, because thereby wee become his dwelling house. Nowe how cursed a thing is sinne, which maketh the temple of God the temple of Satan? what follie: nay, what madnes is it to lodge the diuell in our heartes, and to driue Christ and his holy spirit out of doores.

Why shoulde man deale so vnthankefullie with him, that being God, came from the top of

of the heauens to this valley of miſerie to take mans fleſh vpon him, that hee might bee his Ieſus? or why ſhould wee ſinne, and by continuall ſinning, bid adieu to the ſpirit of holines, and harbor Satan in our hearts? ſhal he, by whome al creatures were made glorious, by ſinne bee baniſhed far from vs? and hee, by whome all creatures were deformed, bee wholie lodged within vs?

But tell me, O man, Chriſt is ſaluation, life, ioy, loue, and all in all: the diuell is the father of death, a murderer, a manſlaier, a tyrant, a prince of darkneſſe, the worker of woe. Nowe anſwere, doeſt thou like better of death, than of lyfe: of payne, than

than of ioie: of hatred, than loue: of damnation, than ſaluation: and of hell, than of heauen: if thou do, then ſhalt thou depart curſſed into the euerlaſting fire. But if thou doo prefer Ieſus Chriſt, with his ineſtimable bleſſinges, before Satan: then why dooſt thou wallowe in ſinne, which is the onelye waie to preferre Satan in this world, and to eſtabliſh his kingdom of darkenes.

Wherfore, O miſerable man repent and amende: conſider that Ieſus Chriſt, like an euangelicall henne, neuer ceaſeth clocking, to gather thee vnder his winges like a chicken: let him not clock and call in vaine, neither be thou like vnto them that

that ſtoppe their eares againſt the charmer, charme hee neuer ſo wiſely.

Conſider that God created thee wholie to ſerue him, with all thy heart, ſoule, ſtrength, and power: remember that thou at baptiſme diddeſt vowe and ſweare obedience to his name: remember that before GOD, and all the bande of the holye Aungels and Saintes, thou didſt renounce Satan, & al his works, and repent, vnleſſe thou wilte haue God and all his heauenlie Cittizens, at the great daie of reuelation, to giue ſentence of condemnation againſt thy periury.

And why, O miſerable man, ſhouldeſt thou breake thy faith giuen

giuen to God in baptiſme? it is not an oth to bee repented. For the ſeruice of the Lorde is onelie mans ſafetie, as the ſeruice of Satan is the onelie cauſe of mans miſerie.

The gailor that helde vs in a ſlauiſhe and ſpirituall Aegypt, was not Pharao, but the diuell, and that for ſinne: and therefore, if wee couet to inhabit the land of promiſe, and to liue in libertie, free from calamitie, it ſtandeth vs vppon to returne vnto the Lorde, who is onelie able, by his outſtretched arme to ſaue and defend vs, from the miſerable ſeruitude of ſo tyrannous a ruler.

Againe, all the ſpirits in hell may curſſe the filthie bondage of

of ſinne, by ſeruice whereof they are in torments, and ſhall continue in paines vnſpeakeable for euermore. The ſaintes and holie ones of God are in bliſſe, in ioy: yea in ſuch ioye, as neither eie hath ſeene, nor eare heard, nor hart euer conceiued. And whye? euen becauſe they repented, forſooke ſinne, and did the will of God in heauen. For they onely haue entred, and ſhall enter into the kingdome of heauen, that doe the will of our heauenly father.

Therefore, ſith his will is our ſanctification, innocencie of life, puritie of conuerſation, vprightnes of hart, abſtinence from the luſtes of the fleſhe: if that wee hope to enioye the ioyes

ioyes of heauen, and to eſcape the paines of hell, let vs ſhewe our ſelues repentaunt from hencefoorth, dooing good, and eſchewing euill, by all meanes poſſible.

Conſidering withall, that as it is the moſt miſerable thinge in the world, to bee like the diuell: ſo it is the moſte bleſſed eſtate, to bee like Ieſus Chriſte, to the which wee are thus exhorted: Bee yee holie, as I am holie. And ſurely, howe ſhall we hope, as members to liue with *Ie*ſus Chriſt our head in heauen, if that by abſtaining from ſinne, wee conforme not our ſelues vnto him, whom no manne was able to rebuke of ſinne?

And therefore here *I* tite all ſortes of men to conſider of their eſtate, to remember thoſe dangerous dayes, to beware of the craftie conueyances of Satan, and to followe the good ſhepheard Ieſus Chriſt, whoe goeth before his ſheepe, and whome we ought to followe, if we be, or wiſhe to be numbred among his ſheepe.

Giue a farewell to the olde man, depart from corrupt Adam, ſerue ſinne and Satan no more: but endeuour, as far as the frailtie of the fleſhe will ſuffer you, to ſerue *I*eſus Chriſt, that in the end of the worlde, wee may bee ſet vpon his right hand, as ſheepe whoe in the time of our pilgrimage, did

giue

giue eare vnto his voice, conforming of our ſelues vnto his ſteps, as neere as we could.

Let not the loue of riches, the deſire of any worldly promotion, or anie thinge vnder the ſinne, bee it neuer ſo glorious ſince the Preacher cryeth out & ſaith that all is vanitie, blind the eyes of your vnderſtandinges, withdrawe your affections, or reſtraine and pull backe your hearts from thinking vpon the tormentes in hell, or the triumphes in heauen: the one appointed as puniſhmente for wickedneſſe and iniquitie, the other aſſigned as rewardes for righteouſneſſe and innocency.

The Lorde of his mercie ſo moiſten our hearts, that al hard-

neſſe beeing taken awaie, wee may with moſte willinge conſentes ioyne handes with *Ie*ſus Chriſt our captaine, againſt Satan, ſin, the fleſh, and the world: which enemies do bitterly, and alſo continually war againſt vs, and far exceed our ſtrength to reſiſt them, vnleſſe wee forſake them, and ſhrowd our ſelues vnder Ieſus Chriſt, to whom be al glory both now & for euer, Amen.

A praier vnto almighty God, wherein we beseech his diuine maiestie, so to blesse vs with his grace, that the vse of the praiers conteined in this booke, and the wholesome lessons compriſed in the ſame may take Chriſtian effect in vs, to our great comfort euen at all aſſaies, and eſpecially in time of neceſſitie.

Made by A.F.

O Father of endles mercy, the fountayne and welſpring of al perfect happines, the giuer of grace, the beſtower of true

bleſſednes, & felicity: here vs, ô heare vs for thy bottomleſſe compaſsion ſake, and grant vnto vs, we humbly beſeech thee, whatſoeuer wanteth in vs towards the accompliſhmẽt of our calling and duty.

And becauſe thy holie word the trumpet of truth, & treaſure of great riches, hathe in expreſſe ſpeeche threatened manye ſtrypes to that negligent ſeruaunt whiche knoweth thy will, and yet doth it not: vouchſafe vs, and as manie of vs as are inſtructed & taught, and thereby perceiue and vnder-

vnderſtand thy heauenlie pleaſure, endeuouringe to walke thereafter, may auoid that penaltie of negligence, which is denounced againſt the idle ſeruãt: thy grace preuenting vs in all our actions and intents.

We can not denie, but that the ſayiug of thy welbeloued ſon, the ſubſtance of trueth, and liuely image of thine owne maieſtie is vndoubted, certaine, and infallible: namely, that not euery one whiche crieth Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the kingdome of heauen: but he which fulfilleth thy

wil: & forſaking the world, and all worldly pompe, betaketh himſelfe wholie vnto the ſeruice of thee, and ſubmitteth himſelf a ſcholler in thy ſchoole; where learning ſounde & ſubſtantiall knowledge, he may be the more in loue with the riches of thy kingdome, and bid all earthlie vanities auaunt.

Now, moſt mercifull Father, for that the helpes to holines of life are infinite: ſome, and thoſe ſingular, conſiſting in thy Goſpell preached: ſome, and thoſe notable, in ſinceritie of con-

conuerſation, and examples of godlines expreſſed: ſome, and thoſe ſpeciall, in exhortations tending vnto Chriſtianitie declared: ſome, and thoſe heauenlie, in prayers and ſupplications conteyned: maye it pleaſe thee, of thine vnſpeakable goodnes, ô mercifull Father, to giue vs grace ſo to imprint them in our memories, and to haue them ſealed in our heartes, that the courſe of our whole life may teſtifie to the world, that thy gifts in vs are not voyd and fruſtrate, barren and fruiteles,

 vaine

vaine and vnuſed. Leaſt being otherwiſe, it chaunce vnto vs, as vnto him that knitting vp his talent in a napkin, & hiding the ſame in the ground, had not onlie the ſame taken from him, but was alſo caſt into vtter darkneſſe for his idlenes & vnprofitable ſeruice.

Among all which helps, ô eternal God, and faithfull ouerſeer of our ſoules, for that this, which wee haue in hande, is not of leaſt account, ſince thereout wee ſucke the ſweet ſap of comforte, the aſsiſtance of thy ſpirite beeing preſent with vs:

vs: wee beſeech thee with al ſubmiſsion, to direct our vnderſtādings, to increaſe our faith: to confirme our hope, to kindle our zeale, to guide all our affections, and to gouerne the whole courſe of our life: that exerciſing our ſelues in this, or anie other godlie volume, publiſhed for the edification of thy church, wee may vſe it and them with integritie & vprightnes of iudgement, with deuotion voyd of hypocriſie, with faithfull inuocation, with humilitie and ſubmiſſiō: that invring our ſelues

to

to praier vnfeinedlie, wee may obtayne that which we pray for effectually, and for the ſame miniſtred vnto vs in time of neceſsitie, with hart and voice extoll thy moſt dreadful maieſty: to whome bee all honour, glorie, power and dominion euerlaſtinglie: To this let all people ſay Amen moſt ioyfullie: Amen.

FINIS.

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Glorie to God:
AMEN.

FINIS.

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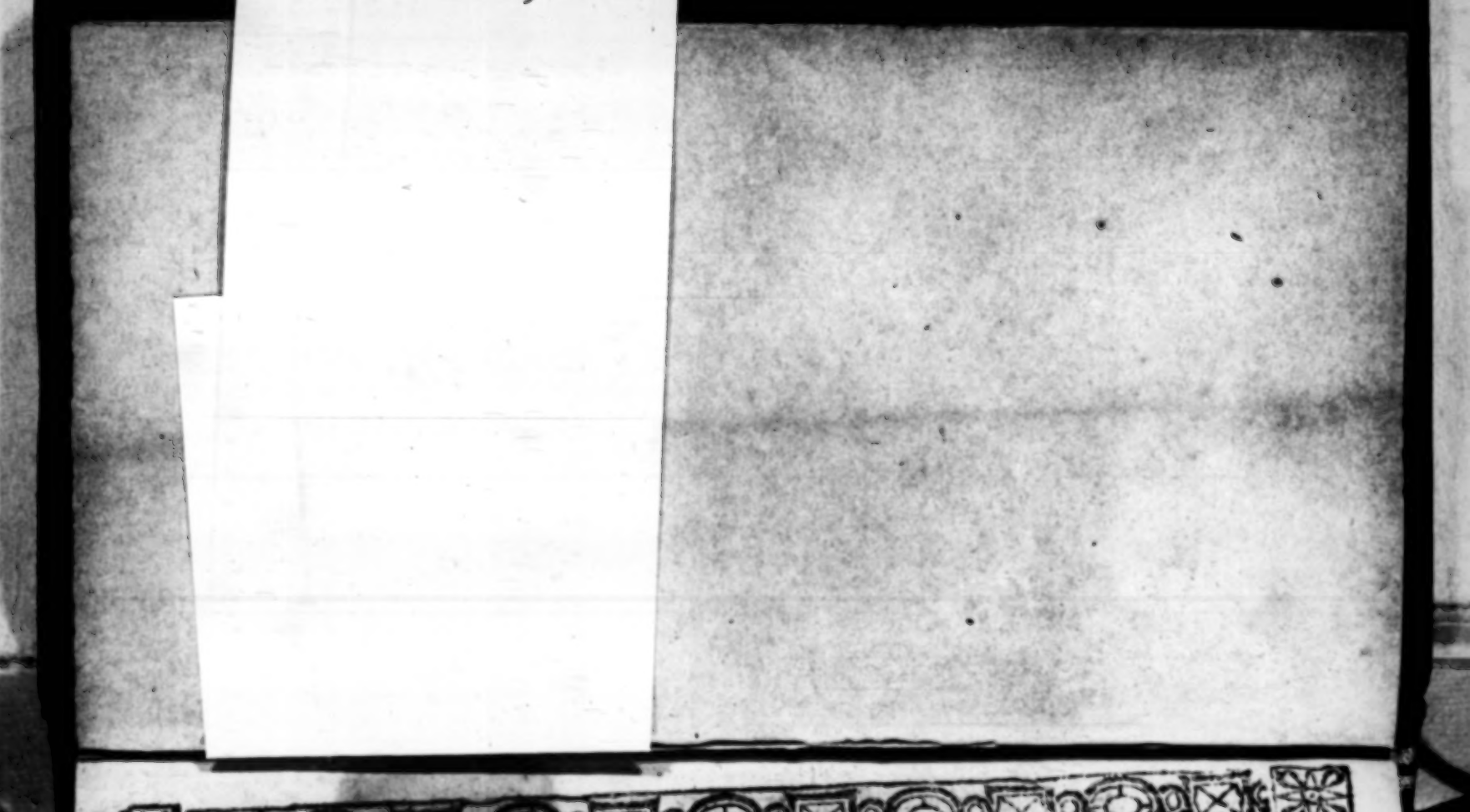
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